

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General

THE slick outfit who run the Star Theater, with the seeming approval of the police of this city, have broken out again this week, and in a new spot. As a result of "Saturday Night's" expose of three weeks ago, every newspaper in the town has cut out either the Star Theater's advertising or its reading notices, with the exception of the "World" and the "Telegram," which, while loudly proclaiming their many virtues, apparently do not recognize their responsibility to their readers in so simple an ethical problem as is here involved. Excluded from all the newspaper columns with the exceptions named, the Star management are seeking extra publicity on the billboards, and this week issued a large flaring poster in the following terms:

"Having received our annual amount of free advertising, and the boomerang having returned to its traducers the Star Theater is again compelled to resort to this method [the billboards] for its publicity. The regular patrons of the Star (and they are numbered by the ten thousand) know that they always get the best shows in town here, but for the benefit of our newly acquired patrons we wish to announce (here follows an announcement of a coming attraction and the recommendation, "Don't miss it.") Note—We can't help it if we do raise the insurance rates on the property of a certain weekly paper."

This is exceedingly smart, no doubt, but it does not alter or affect the Star Theater's position as the defendant to an arraignment, the like of which has never been necessary in the case of any other playhouse in Toronto. No doubt the Star has received a great deal of free advertising as a result of "Saturday Night's" plain statement of facts, which were not, and could not be, denied. It is always regrettable when, in order to cure a malignant sore, it is necessary to expose its hideousness to sight. The fact that the kind of free advertising which the Star Theater has lately received in the press and from the pulpit is the sort it most welcomes and upon which it batters, is fairly good proof of the class of patronage it is looking for and of its management's moral and artistic estimate of its clientele. If this free advertising has, as claimed, enlarged the circle of the Star Theater's influence, then there is indeed serious occasion for the moral forces of this city to bestir themselves. The inference sought to be created as to "Saturday Night's" alleged financial interest in the discontinuance of the Star Theater, is quite on a par with the general tenor of the announcement. This paper imported no such issue into the discussion. It is unworthy to be mentioned in the same breath with the moral interest at stake. "Saturday Night" has suffered in pocket from the unwelcome proximity of the Star Theater, but it will never advance that argument while so grave a question as the corruption and degradation of human character is to be settled. We are not surprised, however, to have this paper's motive impugned. Even harlots cannot conceive of any woman being virtuous, and the pickpocket is invariably a person whose estimate of mankind's honesty is set to the standard of his own habits. I have no doubt that people, too, who take the money of young boys in return for vile and corrupting exhibitions cannot entertain the idea that any one can be actuated by a purpose higher than the greed for gain.

Meanwhile, it is some satisfaction to this paper, which began the crusade, that the Star Theater has been getting many and well-deserved body blows from a dozen different directions at once. The "Christian Guardian" has taken of its clerical garments and bucked in to second "Saturday Night's" efforts, in a way that means business. The Ministerial Association, roused from its lethargy, has constituted a committee to deal in some practical way with the astonishing series of facts adduced by this paper. Individual clergy men are showing some signs of an awakened conscience as to the alarming moral danger, and if any reader of "Saturday Night's" arraignment of the Star Theater wants the statements therein confirmed, he cannot do better than read the report in Tuesday evening's "News" of Rev. J. Campbell Tibb's address to the W.C.T.U. on what he saw when he lately visited the Star. It seems that several ministerial brethren have recently been investigating the performances for themselves. I do not know whether they went in their professional garb. If they did, it is safe betting that they heard or saw nothing very startling. Ever since "Saturday Night's" unvarnished statement of the character of the performances, there is said to have been much less to complain of in the moral tone of the theater. This improvement will probably be maintained in the hope that the breeze will blow over, so it is worth while for ministers and others who may go out on the still hunt, to remember that the Star's shows to-day are hardly a fair criterion of what they were before complaint was made.

The point that must not be lost sight of in the discussion is the direct financial interest of the Police Benefit Fund in this theater—an interest which places the house in a category by itself and makes it impossible to compare with any other theater in the city. The police, neither directly nor indirectly, should have the remotest financial interest in any theatrical property. If it is allowable for the Police Benefit Fund to hold investments in a theater, then it is allowable for them to own saloons or tenements in the tenderloin districts. The whole thing is wrong. Reading of such things in New York, we hold up our hands and gasp "Tammany!" Here is the same sort of thing in its infancy and inception in our own city, under our very eyes. What are we going to do about it? What is the Police Benefit Society going to do about it? What are the Police Commissioners going to do about it? The question is up to us all.

THE commencement of the Lenten season, with the self-denials and abstinences it imposes on the members of at least two great religious bodies, suggests that there must be a defect in the customs and conventions of the world which render it necessary on either physical or spiritual grounds that a fixed period should be arbitrarily dedicated to hygienic and moral cleansing. I would not suggest that the great majority of those who observe Lent are otherwise than profoundly sincere in seeking through its exercises to obtain a replenishment of spiritual grace and a respite from the customary pleasures and pursuits of the world. On the low plane of physical and economic considerations Lent can be justified, just as the weekly day of rest can be vindicated on similar grounds. Yet he is a poor specimen of the fruits of true religion whose week days are not all Sabbaths and whose conduct in the workshop, the office or the home during six days is governed by a different spirit or purpose from that which he seeks to cultivate in the house of prayer. Similarly, the man or woman the whole tenor of whose conduct is self-indulgence and the gratification of worldly passion or ambition during the greater part of the year, cannot expect to suddenly reverse the order of nature and by withdrawing for a brief space from certain pleasures and pursuits to gain any true spiritual impetus, or to purchase favor of a God who changeth not from day to day. I am one of those who believe that there are a great many more heroes and heroines in the world, and a great deal more of quiet, unostentatious daily self-

sacrifice than men and women get credit for. If any one stands to gain something of spiritual perfection from a season of formal fasting and austerity, it is perhaps the one to whom self-denial and the service of others is a daily practice, a daily form of devotion, a daily growth in goodness not a strange and unaccustomed efflorescence of faith. To others Lent can be at best but a sporadic and unsubstantial cultivation of virtue. The good seed sown on stony places springs up only to be quickly withered, because it is without root; or planted among tares, it is soon choked and comes to naught. Those who have witnessed the excesses attending the carnivals before and after Lent in the cities of Southern Europe and South America know how external and formal a practice this great period of fasting and flagellation of fleshly desire may be to even those who are most convinced of its divine appointment.

This doubtless sounds strangely like sermonizing upon a theme as old as religion itself, and upon which thousands of preachers and moralists have expressed similar views and will express such views, during the Lenten season on which the Christian world has just entered. The object with which I set out, however, was not to construct a homily, but to suggest that there is something altogether wrong in the rush and furious activity of modern life, which makes Lent a welcome recess and a longed-for season of repose for so many millions of the human race. People are slaves to business, slaves to society and slaves to everything but the cultivation of that repose and self-poise without which the philosophers teach there can be no virtue. "The strenuous life," reasonably understood, is a good thing, because without exercise no faculty can grow or be strong. But "the strenuous life" as frequently understood is a phrase that sums up not the wholesome activity of an all-round nature, but all that is distracting, dissipating, and destructive

take their forms from off our door," vanish into thin air and leave us all in peace to divert our thoughts for a short space to other persons and issues which ought not to be hopelessly and finally lost sight of.

LEADER WHITNEY, in one of his North York speeches this week, made reference to Judge Morgan's connection with the Davis-Lennox saw-off, and according to the newspaper reports of his remarks, he concluded his comments in these words:

"I do not intend to say much about it to-night. I may in the future say more, and take some action in another place about it. The people of this province must consider this seriously. We have had to fight for the last five years against an unlimited quantity of money, against ballot-thieves, against ballot-switchers and destroyers of ballots, against perjury and subornation of perjury, against false testimony given by convicts sifted out of the Central Prison and the penitentiary of Ontario, and now, if in addition to these obstacles, we are to have to fight the judiciary, God help the people of the Province of Ontario."

This is a fair sample of the wild talk that has damaged the leader of the Opposition in the estimation of moderate and fair-minded people. It is not so much what Mr. Whitney says as the way he says it, and it is the extreme and immoderate language in which he allows his tongue to run riot that has given the gentleman a reputation for lack of ballast and ungovernable partisanship. Mr. Whitney may have a good cause and greater capacity than he has been credited with, but if so, he is unfair to himself and unfair to his cause in that he habitually does violence to the general sense of proportion. To suggest that the Conservative party has had to fight the judiciary or is likely to have to do so is both unwarrantable and absurd. How can Mr. Whit-

perenced Liberal campaigners, while the Conservative candidate relied mainly on his personal efforts and those of local friends. On the other hand, the "Mail" cannot persuade the public that a constituency in which by-elections have become chronic has suddenly become so virtuous that public interests are the only arguments that would be considered. It is probably true that while local questions and the respective personal qualities of the candidates had much to do with the result, the verdict is an indication that there is a growing apathy amongst former Liberal voters towards the Ottawa outfit, who, with the exception of Sir William Mulock's splendid administration of the Post Office, are doing nothing to earn the gratitude of Ontario voters. This, of course, does not imply that these people are enamored of the supine, colorless and inane Opposition; but it is quite evident that if the Government were so constituted, or had recently so conducted itself, as to stir enthusiasm, it would not be possible to account for the election of an Opposition candidate, in a close constituency, by a heavy majority, and in a by-election at that, on merely personal or local grounds. A variety of causes may have contributed, and doubtless did contribute, to the smashing rebuff which the Dominion Government received on Tuesday in the only by-election held within the past year in Ontario. But no one can argue away from the fact that one of these causes must have been indifference and apathy towards the Administration. The sources of this indifference would not be hard to find, but perhaps the most noteworthy one is that the free trade fetish, to which a section of the Government is still devoted, at least academically, has fewer friends than ever, even amongst the agriculturists. Mr. Fielding went to North Grey and made low tariff speeches, and the farmers of North Grey answered him with a heavier Conservative or high tariff vote in the townships than ever given previously in the riding. All of which suggests that possibly Mr. Tarte knew the mind of the people a good deal better than the men who thought the Liberal party could ignore his views.

A WEEK or ten days back, a seemingly extraordinary occurrence was reported in one of the evening papers and further developments were promised, for which I have patiently waited without, up to this time, seeing any further reference to the matter. The newspaper report stated as follows:

"City Relief Officer Taylor this morning listened to one of the most pitiful tales that has reached his ears this winter. A woman from Price's lane, herself poverty-stricken but still sympathetic, told Mr. Taylor that on Saturday the bailiff had visited a cottage at 17 Price's lane, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. John Nelson, an aged couple, both over the three score and ten mark, and had cleared the house out of furniture."

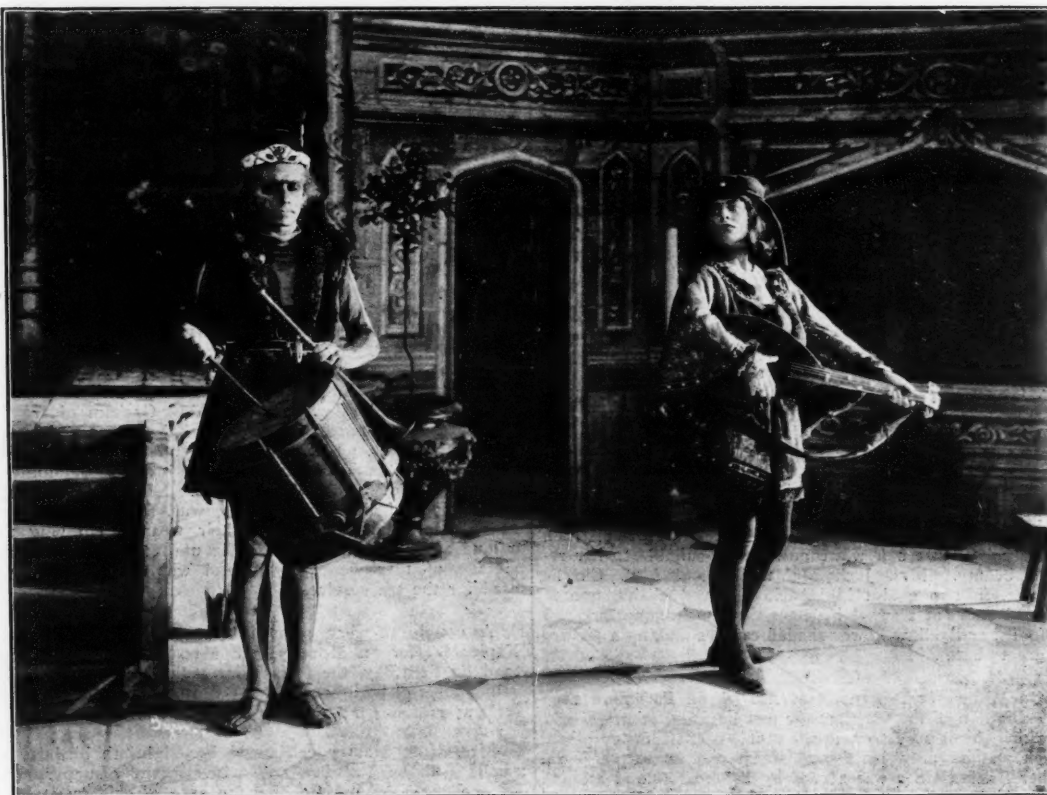
"They took all the bedding and the stove, and even the fuel sent to Mr. and Mrs. Nelson by the House of Industry," said this woman to-day. "I found them yesterday sleeping on the floor in the cold kitchen. There was no fire, and the food was low."

The report went on to say that City Relief Officer Taylor's assistant was investigating the case, but as nothing more concerning the matter appeared in the newspapers, I sent to the City Hall this week to find out if anything had been done. The facts as given to my reporter are that the present owner of the house in Price's lane bought it in September, and since then the old couple had paid no rent and refused to move out. It is alleged that they are immoral characters and ran a pretty bad joint. Mr. Taylor thought it very bad under any circumstances to have left them without anything, as they would have died during the very cold weather if the neighbors and the Relief Office had not helped them. I must say that I agree with his view of the matter. Even if the old couple are as bad as represented, it was a most cruel and heartless proceeding, as well as contrary to law, to deprive them of all their possessions, leaving them, as even dogs would not be left, to huddle on the bare floor of an empty and fireless house. What are we coming to in this so-called Christian city if a helpless old couple can be so outrageously used under any pretext? It is said in extenuation that every other way was first tried to induce them to get out of the house, such extreme measures being resorted to because it was thought they would have to go if everything was taken from them. Where could they have gone in the depth of winter with nothing but the clothes upon their backs, except as vagrants and paupers to some charitable or semi-penal institution? But the fact remains that after being stripped of their little all they did not go as expected, yet nobody but the neighbors seemed to care whether they perished of cold or starved to death. The whole circumstances are disgraceful to whoever was responsible, and no matter what the shortcomings of this poor old man and woman may be, one cannot help sympathizing with them in their destitution and misery.

CORONER AIKINS, in addressing the jury which investigated the recent killing of a child on Queen street by a street car, commented on the fact that it took fifteen or twenty minutes to get the body from beneath the trucks, and he asked what the result would have been if the child had been alive and had been kept under the car all that time. The question is one which it was worth while for the coroner to raise, in view of the frequency of such accidents and the delay almost invariably experienced in getting the mangled but frequently living body from under the car. Time counts for much in the saving of a life. Even when the life of an injured person is not at stake, decency and humaneness demand that the poor, mangled clay be removed from under the modern car of juggernaut as quickly as possible. Every car ought to be equipped with some appliances that could be used in case of such emergencies. It would cost a lot of money to equip each car with a jack and crowbar, but a large proportion of the cars should be provided with such instruments, and then delays of fifteen, twenty or thirty minutes in freeing some poor wretch from the cruel wheels and timbers would not be so common. But a company which refuses to heat its cars or to study the comfort of the living cannot be expected to provide equipment for the humane treatment of the injured and the decent handling of the dead.

I DO not wish to revert again to that tiresome subject, the Carnegie Library, further than to call attention to a letter signed "N. Smith," which appeared in the last number of the "Presbyterian," and the sentiments of which I think will be heartily endorsed by most of those who have studied the real needs of the people of modern cities. The writer says:

"In this age of cheap books, when the poorest man that has the brains to appreciate and the strenuousness to master books that are really instructive and educative, need not long be without any book which he may desire, it is almost absolutely certain that millions spent on public libraries do not confer as much benefit as they might if they were used to benefit the masses in some other way. George Peabody's munificence has been fruitful of far better results than money spent on public libraries can ever be. That wise philanthropist saw that the sort of people who were most necessitous, were not those who patronize public libraries,



SCENE FROM "EVERYMAN,"

The Ancient Morality Play to be given by the original English company at the Princess Theater next week.

of self-realization and altruistic effort. What the world needs is not a whole year's repose and reflection packed into six short weeks, preceded and followed by feverish activity. What the world seems to need is an application of the true spirit of Lent through twelve months of each and every year.

SPEAKING of Lent and the weariness which overtakes persons goaded into an unnatural pace, or surfeited upon the husks of the swine-yard, suggests that occasionally the reading public must get excessively bored, as I am sure editors themselves do, by the ordinary run of topics which seem to call for comment in the columns of a press ostensibly devoted to the information and entertainment of intelligent people. I have felt recently the oppressive sense of the monotony and arid fruitlessness of the field to which newspaper discussion has recently been confined. What are the subjects which day after day we are confronted with in the news columns and on the editorial pages of the journals to which we are accustomed to turn night and morning almost as religiously as the Mohammedan turns to his prayers? Possibly I do an injustice to the daily papers, inasmuch as I am compelled by my occupation to follow them closely, and so at times may experience a nausea unknown to others not required to toil through several quires of trimmed and printed pulp per diem. But it has seemed to me that if I were not in a position where I must keep tab on the drift of events and opinion, I should gladly "chuck" the mild mental exercise of reading ceaselessly about the power question, the Connec bill, the by-elections, the Alaska boundary, the Carnegie libraries, and the two or three other stock questions which just now seem to be absorbing the intellectual energies of all the editors in the country and occupying the field of public vision to the exclusion of all else. "Saturday Night" may have sinned equally with its confreres in confining its comments largely to subjects of which the public are sick of hearing. If so, I simply plead "Peccavi." I am not criticizing the conduct of other papers or pretending to virtues which they do not possess. I am simply pointing out that current topics have got unusually stale and unprofitable. It is nobody's fault, perhaps. Newspapers must deal with the news of the day, and the big news features of the last month or six weeks, at least in this little corner of the world, have been singularly persistent, dull and monotonous. It must not be forgotten, of course, that the best newspapers not only deal with the news as they find it, but in a quite legitimate sense create news. It is in the latter function that Canadian publishers and editors seem to be deficient and to have "fallen down" of late. When shall we get away from the daily banquet of small politics, police news, and corporation chop-logic, which has been spread before us ad nauseam on every sheet for so long? I confess, for one, that I am sick of the whole business, as I am sure thousands of others must be, and heartily wish that the Conneces, the Carnegies and the corporations would "take their beaks from out our heart and

ney hope that such an idea will be seriously accepted by anyone? "Saturday Night" is not one of those papers that have bowed down before the bench as infallible and beyond criticism. But the judiciary, though human, ought not even by suggestion to be brought into contempt by a public man of Mr. Whitney's standing and responsibility. The judiciary have done nothing in the long series of election trials to warrant an imputation against the integrity of Canadian courts. Judge Morgan ought to have been too wary to mix himself up with any such matter as the private settlement of an election petition. He must heartily wish himself out of the miserable entanglement. Those who know the judge best, however, will not harbor the thought of his acting from an improper motive or in any other spirit than that of his habitual kindness and desire to accommodate his fellow-citizens. Probably Judge Morgan, who has been dragged through a bitter party contest, will never repeat his mistake, nor will any other Canadian judge, in view of Judge Morgan's experience, be likely to repeat such an experiment. But there is no occasion yet for Mr. Whitney to call on God to help Ontario, on account of an unfair, partizan or venal judiciary.

IT is amusing to witness the attempts of the party press to account for the unexpected Conservative victory in the North Grey by-election for the Commons. The "Globe" professes to think that the Liberals lost the seat through over-confidence and lack of organization, and it minimizes the rebuke which the result undoubtedly carries to the Laurier Administration by suggesting that the contest was a slug-g-h-c-ne, centering upon local issues, and that the policy of the Dominion Government was not seriously under discussion. These are the stock reasons which one might expect to be assigned to account for what is undoubtedly a bad body blow to the hopes of the Dominion Liberals in Ontario. The "Mail and Empire," when North Grey a few weeks ago was lost to its party in the provincial by-election, could do nothing but shout "Boodle!" Now, because the constituency has given a verdict of a different description, it attributes the result to wholly opposite causes and says that North Grey has declared with no uncertain sound "that pre-election contracts must be observed and that a Government must be based on a ruling principle rather than slipperiness or opportunism." If this was the meaning of North Grey's verdict on Tuesday, why did the "Mail" not attribute equal intelligence and morality to the constituency as the basis of its verdict in the provincial by-election? The truth of the matter is that the party press on both sides is insincere and will not, or can not, give the public a frank analysis of the meaning of a political turnover that is admitted to be extraordinary. No matter how the North Grey result may be explained, there can be no doubt that it is not calculated to reassure the Liberals at Ottawa. The "Globe's" idea that the riding was lost through over-confidence is not borne out by the fact that it was visited by three Cabinet Ministers and a host of ex-

but those who were destitute of the first requisite of a decent life. He saw that there were thousands in our great cities to whom anything worthy of the name of home was utterly unattainable. He saw that to make it possible for these thousands to live in decent dwellings, amidst decent surroundings, was to enable them to take the first step in the upward progress of life. And he, therefore, invested his millions in putting this possibility within their reach. One of the first and most urgent problems of the age, as is now being shown in the story published in the 'British Weekly,' entitled, 'The Hebrew,' is the abolishing of the slums of our cities and substituting dwellings and environment, where the filth, squalor, and vice that now unavoidably prevail shall not be possible. He who thus judiciously spends his surplus millions will at least be doing that which will confer lasting good on those who are in greatest need, and do more for the betterment of mankind than by any other use he could make of his wealth."

Social and Personal.

THE "season Terpsichorean" was closed last week by a brilliant ball given by twenty-seven of our young society men to some three hundred and fifty of their friends at McConkey's. It was a dance to which, by reason of its smartness, its charming location, and its equally admirable hosts, not to mention its being the last dance before Lent everyone was anxious to be invited. No one envied the young men on the invitation committee, who so earnestly desired but were unable to ask all their friends and their friends' friends who telephoned and smiled and frowned and lamented. It took a determined and devoted keeper of the list to resist many a temptation to slip one or two more names in. However, once the cards were out, no more was to be said, and the young hosts succeeded in securing one of the first requisites to enjoyment for a refined gathering—plenty of room. Even at supper-time there was neither waiting nor crowding. The whole company sat down comfortably at once, the café upstairs and the beautifully bright palm-room below being just nicely filled with perhaps the jolliest party McConkey's will ever house. From shortly before nine o'clock there was a ceaseless roll of carriage wheels to the striped awning canopy, and down the glowing crimson hall tripped many a dainty girl and modish dame and stately matron, who seldom care for a big dance, but whose personal interest in the young hosts coaxed them out, radiant and smiling. The bachelors took turns in receiving at the door of the ball-room, and accepted the pleased comments of the chaperones and the older bachelor contingent with becoming modesty and a twinkle of the eye that whispered of satisfaction at their success.

Very satisfactory music was soon floating from the gallery overhead, and extras were in order. The gallery was prettily decorated with garlands of smilax and crystal tubes filled with flowers, pink, yellow and white, cunningly fastened at intervals along the frescoed facade. The windows were hung with rose brocade and banked with green and flowers, and the floor was in perfect order, just of the right "slip-ness," and holding its quality to the end. The end was a long way off though at ten o'clock, when those who danced the opening Lancers formed their sets, and others strolled away to explore the sitting-out rooms, which, in addition to the three or four beautiful rooms so well known, were to be found also on the ball-room floor, where a cosy tete-a-tete was generally vacant for the precious quart d'heure too good to be spent in the merry crowd of dancers. I fear me that many a programme (and they were pretty little folders with a golden 27 on the face) did not always correspond with the actual "holdings" during the evening. Several very welcome guests were at the dance from other cities, easily first being Miss Anne Hendrie of Holmstead, Hamilton, who wore a glistening paillette black gown and came with Mrs. Townsend of New York (already a popular visitor at Race time), both being guests at Strathearn for a short visit. Mrs. Bertram Bowen, Miss Amo Osler, Mr. Bowen, Mr. Hugh Osler and Miss Gwynn were a charming party from Craighleigh, and Miss Marjorie Cochrane, cousin of Miss Osler, was also a belle at this dance. Miss Allerton Gosling was another of the bridal party of a few weeks ago who looked very handsome. Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn wore a trained gown of black velvet with pink roses and diamonds in her hair. Mrs. Cattanauch wore a very beautiful white gown, with delicate sprays of pale pink and green brocade on it. Mrs. Elmsley wore black and silver, and Mrs. Davidson black. Miss Grace Boulton and her younger sister were also in black lace and point d'esprit gowns. Mrs. Harry Wyatt wore a very handsome white satin, with some fine lace, and was the recipient of many compliments. Mrs. Charles O'Reilly was in pale blue, and Mrs. Melfort Boulton in black richly paillette. Mrs. F. Clifford Sutton wore a very chic lace and silver paillette dress, and Mrs. Magann was a picture in a very beautiful and elaborate costume of cream lace and embroidery with paillettes and touches of pale green. Mrs. Buchanan and Miss Buchanan, Colonel Buchanan, Captain Burnham, Mr. Horetsky, Major Carpenter and Mr. Douglas Young represented Stanley Barracks, from which place several of the young hosts also came, including Captain Kaye, Captain Stranbenzie, Captain James Elmsley and Mr. Bowen. One of the most distinguished and beautiful young women was Mrs. Arthur T. Kirkpatrick, who was tremendously admired in a most becoming gown. Mrs. Melvin-Jones wore a lovely white satin brocade. Mrs. Walter Barwick was very smart in a black gown, and her daughters, Mrs. Ewart Osborne and Miss Muriel Barwick, were both charmingly gowned. Miss Gertrude Poy also looked very pretty. Miss Kingsmill was a bright and happy guest. Miss Harman and Miss Spragge, and pretty Miss Alice Baines also looked very well. Miss Athol Boulton was by many given the distinction of belle, in a soft shade of primrose crepe with violets. Miss Gladys Buchanan and Miss Gladys Hardy were charmingly gowned and supped together with great fun and merriment. Miss Melvin-Jones wore a lovely Paris gown and a coronet of iridescent spangles. Miss Joan Arnold wore a very sweet white crepe embroidered gown. Miss Williams wore a very lovely pale blue gown. Miss Ethel Mackenzie of Benvenuto wore yellow chiffon. A remarkably handsome couple came in late, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, the lady in white satin, and as usual the essence of smartness. Mrs. B. B. Cronyn looked very dainty in a pretty gown. Mrs. Burnham looked exceedingly handsome. Miss Cawthra of Guiseley House was also very prettily gowned in white, with some delicately tinted roses. Miss Helen Cattanauch wore white lace over pink silk. Miss Mollie Walde was lovely in a smart white satin. Miss Daisy Gillies of Hamilton wore a lovely primrose crepe embroidered, and was a great belle. Miss Jessie Gartshore was pretty in a white gown. Miss Douglas Young, another Hamilton belle, wore white, and her debutante sister, Miss Elsie, was in white chiffon. Miss Winnie Darling was in pale blue. Miss Bee Myles was in white, and her sister, Miss Bud, wore a charming pale silk crepe with strands of foliage. Miss Frances Heron and Miss Dora Rowand were very pretty girls in white crepe, and two charming sisters, Miss Kemp and Miss Dollie Kemp of Castle Frank, wore white and black respectively. Miss Lottie Wood wore a handsome black gown. Miss Edith Marler of Montreal wore an exquisite lace gown and wreath of white flowers. Mrs. Charlie Moss and her sister-in-law, Miss Moss, wore smart black toilettes. Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Gordon were a jolly family group, the three daughters of the house of Armour doing credit to its traditions. Mr. Nordheimer of Gleneddy brought two fair daughters, and Mr. Albert Nordheimer his piquette little daughter in a smart black gown. Miss Mary Davidson was as sweet and pretty as ever in white satin. Mrs. Morang looked most beautiful in primrose satin encrusted with white lace and a fine white lace bertha. Miss Ethel Heaven wore a handsome white satin. The Misses Kathleen and Harriett Cassels and the Misses Clark-Jones were very popular guests. Miss Essy Case wore



MR. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Banqueted by the Canadian Club on Thursday evening, 26th inst.

a handsome white embroidered gown. Mr. Walter Denison brought his cousin, Miss Denison of Rusholme; Mr. Law his sister Helen, and pretty Miss Evelyn Falconbridge was a very popular guest. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Parker were also at the dance. I hear it was nearly five o'clock when the music stopped and the last good-night was said.

Miss Katie Cross sailed for England on the splendid new steamer "Cedric" of the White Star Line.

I was surprised to see a list of New York connections of Miss Grace Lowrey enumerated in an evening paper in mentioning her engagement, for, to the best of my knowledge, none of them are in the least related to her.

Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones are entertaining most charmingly this season. Last night they gave a very smart dinner, and on Tuesday a supper to some thirty guests in honor of the pretty "bride" of "A Chinese Honeymoon," whose people they have met on their travels, and who is a very charming and clever young lady. On March 5th a dinner is to be given at Llawhaden, and on March 10th a "progressive" dinner, the sort of banquet which people enjoyed so much on a previous occasion at this hospitable home.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason of Ermeleigh gave a couple of very pleasant and perfectly arranged dinners last week, I think on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. It is always remarked by their guests how perfectly and cleverly the Ermeleigh dinners are served, and what a success they are in every particular.

Mr. Albert Nordheimer gave a very chic dinner on Monday evening, at which sixteen covers were laid. The decoration of the table was a quite original and quaint conceit, a central lamp with an ivory railing about a square of green and some smilax and spring flowers prettily arranged. The tiny balustrade about the centerpiece held bonbon and almond dishes, and all the guests welcomed the novelty of the idea after a winter of some sameness in decorative effort. Lady Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Perceval Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Hon. Ju-tice and Mrs. MacMahon, Canon and Mrs. Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. Cattanauch, Mr. George Beardmore, Mr. Frank Darling, and Lieutenant-Colonel Stimson were the guests.

Mr. Osborne gave a dinner on one evening this week to some of the members of the Hunt Club at Clover Hill.

Mrs. Vaux Chadwick gave a very pretty afternoon tea one day last week in her artistic home in Huron street. She received in a soft white gown most suitable to her refined beauty. Mrs. Jack McMurrich and Mrs. Charlie Temple, in two quaint high-backed carved chairs, poured tea and coffee at a sweet little tea-table, mahogany, lace and daffodils, and yellow flower shaded candles making a picture of great charm.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Dickson Patterson gave an exhibition of the very artistic and beautiful stencil work, at which she is so clever, in the studio at 10 Elmsley place, which was attended by a very smart and interested party of her friends. Tea was served by the hostess and attendants with several volunteers among the guests. Mrs. Ravenshaw was with her daughter in the studio, and was, no doubt, much gratified with the pleasure and admiration expressed by the guests at the sight of the stencilled draperies, some clever water-color and pastel pictures and a very artistic stencilled fan design, all the work of versatile Mrs. Patterson, who was a student at the Polytechnic in London in Germany and in Brittany, before her arrival in Canada three years ago. The draperies shown on Wednesday are quite magnificent, a design on pale golden brown velours of a pair of regal-looking peacocks, whose iridescent coloring is splendidly brought out, and conventional yellow roses, which Toronto art lovers hope will remain a choice possession in some artistic home. Among the friends who called to admire them on Wednesday were Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Yarker, Mrs. Mann, Miss Williams, Mrs. G. Allen Arthurs, Mrs. Austin of Spadina, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Mason of Ermeleigh, Mrs. James Mason, Mrs. and Miss Elmsley, Mrs. Chalcraft, Mrs. Chaffee, Mrs. Moss, Miss Moss, Mrs. Magann, Mrs. Grace, Mrs. Aylesworth, Mrs. Edwin Thomas, the Misses Mackellar, Mrs. O'Reilly, Mrs. Beau Jarvis, Miss Hamilton, Miss Marshall, Mrs. Morang, the Misses Heaven, Mrs. H. S. Strathy, Mrs. Crawford Scadding, Mrs. Edmund Phillips, Miss Elliott, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Alphonse Jones and Miss Allayne Jones, Miss Windeat, Mr. Brown, Mr. Edward Morris, Mr. Chaffee, Some of Mrs. Patterson's work is going to the Montreal Exhibition later on. A scrap of stencil in thistle design which adorns

Mr. Angus's home in Montreal was shown at the tea on Wednesday. Mr. Patterson was unfortunately unable to get home in time from New York to be at the exhibition.

Miss Elizabeth Long returned from a visit in Ottawa on Thursday. During her stay at the Capital, where she was the guest of Mrs. Charlie O'Connor (nee Hughes), Miss Long was the guest of honor at a couple of very smart dinners, given by Mr. D. Connor and his niece, Miss Keenan, on the 17th and 19th of February, at which the guests were Miss Burbidge, Miss Audrey Blair, Miss Isbester, Miss Sweetland, Miss Ida Hughes, Miss Hill, Miss Hendry of Kingston, Miss Edith Clemow, Miss Roma King, Miss Griffin, Miss Agnes Scott, Miss Frances Sullivan of Kingston, Miss Davis, Miss Fitzpatrick, Miss Magee, Mr. J. Thompson, Mr. Philip Toher, Mr. H. A. Burbidge, Mr. Hegg, Mr. S. McDougall, Mr. Fred Magee, Mr. O. Haycock, Mr. Tyrwhitt, Dr. McCarthy, Mr. D'Arcy Magee, Mr. Walker of Liverpool, Mr. Gladwyn Macdougall, Mr. Leslie Macoun, Mr. D. J. McDougall, Mr. Davis, Mr. W. O'Connor and Mr. Willis O'Connor. The decorations of the table were pink roses and white hyacinths, and the beauty of the dinners recalled the many charming functions for which, before their late seclusion by mourning, the O'Connor menage was celebrated.

Mrs. Theodore Brough has gone to visit Mrs. C. J. Macdougall in St. John's, Quebec. Mr. and Mrs. Warwick are visiting Mrs. Murphy in Ottawa. Mr. Horetsky and Mr. Bowen of Stanley Barracks are going to take a course at R.M.C., Kingston. Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Bickford are en pension at Iverholm.

Mrs. Willison gave a pretty luncheon to a party of young matrons and girls on Tuesday at her residence in Spadina road, in honor of Miss Harris of Durham. Daffodils, violets and ferns were the decoration of the table, and the guests included Mrs. Kirkpatrick (nee Mulock), Mrs. Lorne Somerville, the Misses Douglas, Case, Falconbridge, King, Wright, Hardy, Kirkpatrick of Coolmine, A. Michie, Walker and Watson.

Very interesting and pleasant afternoon card parties have been given during the past ten days by Mrs. Reginald Northcote, Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mrs. Archie Langmuir, Mrs. Angus Kirkland, and several others.

Mrs. Tyrrell, who has been entertaining most delightfully several times this season at afternoon tea, gave a pleasant informal tea for her daughter's young friends on Tuesday. Miss Maisie Tyrrell received with her, and Miss-Grant Macdonald poured tea in the dining-room, where a very pretty table, done in white lace over rose silk and maidenhair ferns, with pink flowers in vases and shaded lights, was set with creams and dainties of all sorts. A bright party of young girls were at this tea. Mrs. Grant Macdonald, who is with Mrs. Tyrrell this winter, was a gracious assistant to the hostess, with a pleasant word for the young people.

In celebration of Washington's birthday week, Mrs. Eaton gave a colonial evening on Tuesday, which was pronounced one of the most perfect affairs of its kind ever carried on in Toronto. Such a quaint Mardi Gras party could not have been bettered. The "early candle-light" was literally carried out, and the ladies were powdered as the handsomest of Martha Washingtons or other quaint old-fashioned dames. Mrs. Eaton wore white silk brocade in large blue flowers, panners and apron style, with an amber back comb. Mrs. Jerrold Ball was a Martha Washington in silver grey silk and white fichu. Mrs. Graham of Hamilton wore a costume of "fore de wah," Spencer and hoops and chenille hair net being part of her ensemble, as quaint as could be. Mrs. T. M. Harris wore a lovely grandmother's "ridal gown of gold moire atique. You may fancy the sweet effect of all these quaint gowns, fitting about Mrs. Eaton's splendid rooms, and their wearers enjoying the unique affair with the zest of the unusual. Games of the vintage of 1812 were played, and willowware china was used for the tea service.

A couple of very pleasant teas were given by Mrs. Napier Keefe on Monday, and Mrs. Gillespie of Avenue road on Saturday, the former for ladies and the latter for young folks of both sexes. Miss Coristine of Montreal was the guest of honor at Mrs. Gillespie's tea.

Mrs. Hart Massey celebrated her eightieth birthday at Euclid Hall on Tuesday, and a lovely family supper, with fourscore candles on the birthday cake of this sweetest of octogenarians, was given. White roses and violets decorated the table.

Mrs. Osborne's concert in aid of St. George's Church was a huge success last week, the fair lady whose kind supervision ensured that climax taking part most charmingly. Miss Maud Cowan sang in a very lovely voice and quite brought down the house to rapturous encores. Mrs. Osborne sang the Geisha song in costume in the first part of the programme.

Among the out-of-town men who took in the bachelors' dance on Friday, were Dr. Parfitt, Mr. Counsell, Mr. Alec Creelman and Mr. Don Ross, who is, I hear, spending his holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Dwight in St. George street. I have heard a whisper of a happy announcement shortly to be made which concerns Mr. Ross very nearly, but have not been authorized to be more explicit.

Mr. Mark Hambourg's concert on Monday evening will appeal to the beau monde, who are, perforce, abstaining from the more frivolous amusements next week.

Miss Justina Harri-on has rented her house in Madison avenue and will go abroad next month.

Mrs. Alfred Denison is at St. Catharines until Tuesday a guest at the Welland Hotel.



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Social and Personal.

THE engagement is announced of Lieutenant J. Hilliard Rorke of Toronto to Miss L. Mary Evans, eldest daughter of Mr. John D. Evans of this city, formerly of Hamilton. The marriage is arranged for September.

Mrs. Howitt and Miss Amy Howitt are in St. Catharines, guests at the Welland.

Mr. and Mrs. Parnley of Spadina avenue gave a very successful musicale on Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. Parnley's cousin, Miss Jessie Borwick of Windermere, Eng. About thirty young people were present, who thoroughly enjoyed the varied and interesting programme. Among those who took part were Miss Jennie E. Williams, Miss Edith Miller, Miss Jean Forbes, Miss Mary Archibald, and Messrs. A. Dockray, A. Hewitt, W. and G. Archibald and Revs. C. W. Follett and Roy Van Wyck.

Mrs. Young and Miss Elizabeth Young gave a very enjoyable at home last Friday at their home, 46 Hazelton avenue. The rooms were daintily decorated with roses and carnations, and shaded candles shed a cosy glow over all. It was a farewell tea, as they sail for Europe on March 25, where they expect to stay for an indefinite length of time. Their friends will miss them very much, as they have always been very popular.

Mrs. J. B. McColl gave a very pretty children's party last Friday for her daughter Dorothy at their home in Jarvis street. The children amused themselves with progressive games and dancing, and enjoyed the many dainty refreshments as only children can.

Mrs. H. J. Cody was at home last Friday, and entertained many of her friends at her beautiful home, 603 Jarvis street.

Mrs. J. B. Hutchins of Upper St. George street and her little daughter Rita left last week for an extended visit to friends in Prescott and Montreal.

Mrs. William J. Wagner gave a dance last Friday night at her home in Gerrard street in honor of Mrs. (Judge) Valin, from North Bay. The house is admirably suited for dancing, and was thrown open for the evening to the friends, who enjoyed the dance immensely. Miss Ettie Wagner looked most charming in a dress of white muslin embroidered with black dots.

Mr. J. L. Hughes gave a very interesting lecture one evening recently in Guild Hall, under the auspices of the Success Club. The subject of the lecture was “The Greatest Thing in the World,” and the lecturer demonstrated to a conclusion that there is nothing which is comparable to the God-given individuality which each one of us possesses. A few of the bright, energetic members of the Young Women's Christian Guild have recently formed a club, to which they have given the name “The Success Club.” The aim of this society is to establish a home for self-supporting young women whose homes are not in the city, and in order to provide funds for this purpose the young women have arranged a series of lectures. On March 5 Mr. Thomas McGillicuddy will lecture in Guild Hall on “Homely People,” and on March 12 Rev. Solomon Cleaver will, in the same building, deliver his popular lecture on “Jean Valjean.” As the admission fee to these lectures is very trifling, and as the object is a very worthy one, a large attendance is hoped for.

The masquerade dance held by the Toronto Canoe Club in their club rooms last Friday evening was a decided success, and brought some twenty-five or thirty dancers in fancy costume, as well as a number of others who were interested onlookers until after the sixth dance, when they were privileged to join the merry throng. During the first three dances masks were worn and were the cause of a lot of amusement. Some splendid costumes were worn and these, combined with the pretty light effects produced by colored globes, made a very picturesque scene. Among those in costume who were present were Mrs. Sims, Dolly Varden; Miss Grace Robinson, Polly; Miss Stuart, Shepherdess; Miss Miller, Night; Miss Tilt, Columbia; Miss McKenzie, Tambourine Girl; Miss Tade Dudley, Tissue Paper Girl; Mrs. Wade, “Red Ring” Imp; Miss Baker, Golf Girl; Mr. P. J. Sims, Court Jester; Mr. Howard Hoops, Charles I.; Mr. Fred Rogers, Uncle Sam; Mr. Osler Wade, Clown; Mr. A. W. Hutchison, Musketeer; Mr. Bob Moody, French Count; Mr. Smith, Louis XIV. Courtier; Mr. W. McNab, Mr. H. Brasier, Mr. N. Forest, Dr. Elliott, Mr. McConnell, Courtiers of George III.

The evening of Tuesday closed the season of 1902-3, and it seemed as if all the faithful of those communities wherein Lent is observed with strictness had decided to visit one or other of the theaters. At eleven o'clock King street was a line of smart equipages waiting for as jolly and well pleased an audience as ever emerged from the Princess. “A Chinese Honeymoon” certainly provided as amusing a Mardi Gras entertainment as could be imagined, and the comicities of Toby Claude, a charmingly pretty little Sis Hopkins in Anglo-Chinese garb, were a delightful change from the banalities of the comedians we have lately witnessed. Toby Claude, as a Cockney waitress in a Ylang Ylang restaurant, with her song, “I Want to Be a Lady,” and her sudden transits in and out of

sight, delighted the crowd of smart people. Senator Melvin-Jones had a family party and a couple of smart young men in his box. Mr. and Mrs. Cox were visiting with a friend. Lady Kirkpatrick of Cloosburg, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Miss Marie Foy, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Russell Snow, Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Macrae, Mr. Aemilius Baldwin and the Misses Baldwin, Colonel Stimson, Mrs. Aylesworth and her guest from Buffalo, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Victor Williams and Mrs. F. Clifford Sutton, Mr. Hawes, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Miss Flossie Patterson, Mr. Thompson, Major Brock, Miss Brock, Mrs. Magann, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. Moss, were just a few of those noticed at the play.

Mrs. Aylesworth gave a Shrove Tuesday matinee euche at her home in Walmer road, and her guests were glad to welcome Mrs. Edwin Thomas of Buffalo back to Toronto, whose visit, it is said, was the raison d'être of the very smart and well managed gathering of Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Aylesworth received in a cream embroidered gown over pink, with touches of pink velvet, and the guest of honor wore a dainty gown of white China crepe with lace and chiffon. Mrs. Aylesworth certainly gave one of “the” card matinees of a month absolutely crowded with such affairs. Her home was decorated with any quantity of fine flowers and plants, and the tea-table was a picture of prettiness and brightness done in primrose tulle and ribbons and centered with daffodils massed in a basket jardiniere. Miss Falconbridge, Miss Patterson, Miss Maude Barwick, Miss Lowndes, Miss Aileen Carver, Miss Margaret Thomson and Miss Grace of Newburg marked the scores, and were each the recipients of sovereign spoons from their hostess. The first prizes were, I am told, all won by ladies from out of town, who, as well as all the city guests, enjoyed greatly the bright afternoon.

Mrs. Grayson Smith's pretty tea on Monday, postponed from last week, lost none of its interest on that account, for everyone turned up and found a warm welcome from one of the most hearty and sincere hostesses in Toronto, whose bijou house in Lowther avenue is as pretty and artistic as can be, and has been greatly admired. Mrs. Grayson Smith received in a very smart pink gown, and looked as handsome a young matron as could be imagined. Her splendid little son, very like her, was a much petted young man. Miss Grayson Smith, who has met, I fancy, been in town for a good while, was one of the guests at the tea. Miss Louie Chadwick, Miss Leila McDonell, Miss Evelyn Cox, and a lovely visitor from Port Hope, Miss Alice Wallace, assisted in the tea-room, where Mrs. Jack McMurrich poured tea. The table was charmingly done in pink and white tulips and lights softly shaded. A few of the guests were Lady Mulock, Mrs. G. Allen Arthurs, Mrs. Austin of Spadina, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. G. S. Ryerson, Mrs. W. R. Riddell, the Misses Dupont, Mrs. Chadwick of Leamington, Mrs. Vaux Chadwick, Mrs. Magann, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Acton Burrows, Mrs. Frank Macdonald, Mrs. W. Wilson of Oltirum, Miss Constance Ruyard Boulton, the Misses Michie, Miss Ethel Baldwin, Miss Delamere, the Misses Denison.

A very jolly skating party was given at the Mutual Street Rink on Monday evening by Mrs. Sweeney of Robahall. The young people and a few of the young married folk who have made the Skating Club such a smart success were invited to this extra evening of their favorite winter amusement. A very nice supper was served in the tea-rooms during the evening, and Colonel and Mrs. Sweeney's hospitality was very much enjoyed by their guests.

Mrs. W. R. Riddell and her sister, Mrs. James, are going next week to Atlantic City for a stay of some weeks. Mrs. James is slowly regaining health, and I fancy the trip is for her benefit primarily.

Mrs. and Miss Case are visiting in Essex, where Mr. Allen Case is stationed in the bank. They will also, I hear, visit in Detroit and return next week.

Mrs. Colin Gordon has sent out cards for an afternoon seven-hand euche on March 5 at her home, 152 St. George street.

Miss Julia Reinhardt is in Stratford visiting the bride and groom of this season, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lockie.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Reid asked a few artistic people out on Monday to their delightful place in Indian road to see some beautiful mural decorations just completed for the dining-room of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boeckh in St. George street. The paintings represent for the grand panel, a group of apple pickers in an orchard, the ruddy fruit in heaps at their feet, and the figures of the harvesters seen in the soft haze of autumn. Other panels show sheaves of wheat newly reaped and bound in teeming fruitful fields and charming scenes, all suggesting the produce of the earth which will in time furnish many a feast for the happy owners of these beautiful paintings. A few of the people who went out to see Mr. Reid's work and taste the dainty tea presided over by Miss Jette Vickers and Miss Winch were Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. H. S. Strathay, Mrs. Lefroy, Mrs. Ravenshaw, Mrs. Dickson Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Boeckh, Mr. Elham Edgar, Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Walter S. Andrews, Miss Hagarty. Mrs. Reid was the sweetest of hostesses and received great compliments on her work intended for exhibition, which was on easels in fine light for inspection. Only those who have the privilege of entre to Mr. Reid's home know what a charming place it is, with its quaint fireplace and furniture, its absolutely unique piano and lovely china, and above the not-to-be-bought atmosphere of art. Two more congenial and likable twin souls could not be found than the clever and modest artist and his wife, also in her chosen field of art successful and esteemed.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lane are expected home from their glorious honeymoon trip and happy sojourn with relatives of each, some time to-day. The young couple are to spend a month or more with Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Lane's mother, in Collier street, and then settle on their place in Weston, recently purchased by Mr. Lane. During their absence of some months they have visited some of the smartest people in Ireland, and had a grand visit to the Mayor

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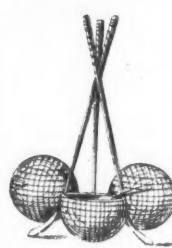
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of Derby, uncle of Mrs. Lane. But, in spite of all the good times, Mrs. Lane says she is eagerly awaiting the meeting with old friends in Toronto.

Miss Caroline Macklem writes: “With very grateful thanks, I acknowledge the following contributions to the Indian famine orphan fund: ‘X. Y. Z.’, relief work, \$2; Mary Hilton, Peterboro’, \$2; Friend, Hanover, \$1; ‘From a little child,’ Campbellton, 30 cents; Anon, \$1.40; Miss M. E. Austin, Quebec, \$4. The orphan work is still pressing, as so many children were taken into mission homes during the famine, and now our work is to keep them there. A lady missionary in charge of a child I have the pleasure of supporting at present writing saying that she hoped I would continue to support this child for some time longer; that the return to heathen influences would be so disastrous to the poor little soul. Those who are contributing the year's support of \$15 seem to enjoy doing so, and many take personal interest in the little boy or girl, and are glad to receive letters concerning their welfare. I hope many new friends will come forward with such help as they can spare, and will try to interest others and children of Sunday schools in this work. Please address contributions to Miss Caroline Macklem, Sylvan Tower, Rosedale, Toronto, Ont.”

I hear that Strathallan, the country place of the late Hon. G. W. Allan of Moss Park, has been purchased by Mr. Pedwell of Thornbury.

Lieutenant Wynn Wilson, on leave from his regiment in Bermuda, has been paying a visit to his sister, Mrs. Plumtree, wife of the dean of Wyckville. Mr. Wilson left last week for Bermuda.

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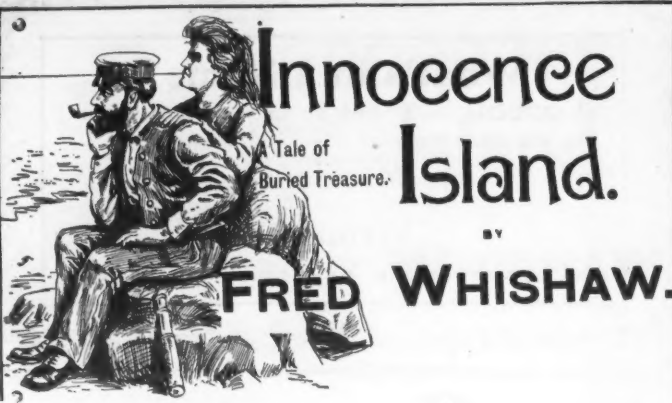
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CHAPTER XVII.

Keith Has An Adventure.

Denys Drake had not arrived, it seemed, in the best of humors. He took no notice of the hand offered him by Keith.

"What's this foolery about Jess?" he said angrily.

"What foolery's that?" replied Keith. "Why, who in thunder brought her along here, and what for?"

"Well, if you must know, she came of herself; no one asked her and no one knew she was coming."

"That's a lie, Adams, and you know it. Come, who was it?"

Keith laughed good-naturedly.

"Well, a lie it is, as it happens, for the cabin boy knew. She and he fixed it up between them. Now are you satisfied?"

Denys Drake frowned angrily.

"I shall get the truth out of her, if I can't out of you. It's a scandal, I call it."

"There's no scandal, man. Don't be a fool. Don't you know her brother Tom's aboard, to look after her? She's come to see if you and her dad are alive and well. Since you haven't the wit to understand it for yourself, I must tell you the plain truth."

"Well, I'll hear what she has to say," said Drake, slightly mollified.

"How are you going to do that? Young Tom won't allow no visitors aboard, don't you fret. He'll blow any boat out of the water that tries to board the 'Penelope'."

"Don't you fret, neither, partner. Me and Jess is going to meet, you may bet your boots."

"Well, I hope you will, for that'll mean you've come round to our side, and no fool either if you did, for you'd lose nothing by it and maybe you'd gain."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Drake, laughing derisively. "Well, we'll see! He turned to go, but faced about when he had walked a few paces."

"See here, Adams," he said. "Me and you was at school together, and has been good friends since. You take my advice and get on board that damned ship of yours and sail back to Seadown, or you'll get hurt maybe. We don't want to go and you can't make us, and we ain't going to let you have the gold, not for twenty bank clerks. You can't get it unless you know where it is. How can you?"

"We think we shall come out on top, sonny. That's where you and I differ. No good never came of tryin' to sneak what don't belong to you, and that's what you chaps are doing here. As you've given me a bit of advice, which I've no doubt was meant friendly, I'll give you a bit back. If you come on our side you'll get a share of this 'ere treasure, which you won't do if you continue to claim what isn't yours. It was the captain's duty to save all the cargo he could for the benefit of owners and underwriters. Saving it don't make it his or the crew's. Now the owners know it's saved they want it back, and they've a right to it. They'll pay all them as has helped to save it, and pay them handsomely. You wouldn't dare come home rich with gold that wasn't yours. You'd be called thieves, and you couldn't keep the stuff. Then there's just one more thing, and that's Jess. The maid's yours as much as she ever was, and longin' to see you; but if I know Jess, which I do to a bit, she won't have nothing to do with a chap what don't take no more account of her than you'd be doing if you take part in tryin' to murder those that have come to fetch you home. If you'd been the man she thought you, you'd have come home when Dick Robinson did."

"Yes, and I've got murdered like he did for my pains! I wasn't such a fool," said Drake, flushing.

"Well, you'd better explain all that to her when you see her—if ever you do. If I were Jess I'd want some explainin' before I took you back, even if you was to come over our side now."

"Ah, you ought to be up in a pulpit, preachin' sermons, you ought!" said Drake, looking, nevertheless, somewhat sheepish. "Don't it strike you that you're a blamed idiot to try and interfere between a man and his girl? Suppose you was to mind your own business, would it hurt you much?"

"It's because you're makin' a foolish mess of yours that I'm tryin' to help you. What does it matter to me whether Jess takes you back or won't have no more to say to you? I'm tryin' to act friendly, that's all."

"Well, when next I want your help I'll ask you for it. Meanwhile, I'll manage my own affairs without it. Me and old Jake Foster 'll have somethin' to say to Jess, too. A nice sort of maiden she is, to be takin' part against him and me!"

Drake went away, apparently quite unconvinced, though it was easy to see that Keith's remarks had made him somewhat uneasy in spite of his bluffing manner.

There was nothing more to be done with him now, however; and if war was really to be declared at early morning, hostilities would have to commence with Drake in the enemy's camp. So Keith continued his spade work and labored with the rest throughout the afternoon. By evening the camp looked impregnable from the land side, while a smaller entrenched position between camp and sea protected the water supply and gave at the same time comparative protection to the passage to and from the landing-place, in case it should be necessary to communicate with those on board ship.

When all had been done that could be done the men lay down to take a few hours' rest before the expected attack should be delivered.

Keith and the captain sat up a while in their tent to discuss matters. Brenton was somewhat depressed. The position was most unsatisfactory, he said,

with much truth. In the worst case, they might be successfully attacked and annihilated. In the best they would beat off their enemies and perhaps even carry the war into their camp.

"But even if we do that, what have we gained by it?" he said. "Why, nothing."

"We'll have killed half the chaps we were sent to bring home, and we can't compel the rest to come if they refuse, nor yet to tell us where the gold is. It's a fix. Then there's the 'Penelope.' What's to prevent them sending boats out in the dusk and capturing her?"

"Why, Tom Foster, if he's worth his salt," replied Keith. "He and his little four-inch barker. What's he there for?"

"The gun's no use in the dark, and you know it. Nor's he and his three men if they bring half a score against him! They haven't been warned, either."

Keith did know this well enough. He also knew that there was nothing particular to prevent Drake from accompanying such a party as Brenton described and carrying off Jessie Foster.

"I tell you what I think, skipper!" he said, after a considerable pause for reflection. "Someone's got to go, now right away, before it's too late, and warn them on board of what's going on here and the attack we're expecting, and so on. It ain't safe to leave 'em so. And what's more, if Jessie isn't to be carried away by Drake and her dad she must be brought in here. With her here we'll have a hold on those two anyway. Whereas, if they'd got her she'd be no use to us as somethin' to put the screw on Drake with. It's through him we're going to get that gold, mind you, if we get it at all."

"It didn't look much like it, what you say," said Drake. "Then, there's the gettin' safely aboard and the gettin' safely back. It'd have to be done careful. Who'd you trust of these chaps?"

"I'd soonest do it myself if you approved," said Keith.

The captain reflected.

"If I thought you'd be perfectly sure to get back by dawn!" he said, presently.

"They'd have clear shootin' at you, remember, if you wasn't!"

"By dawn? Why, I've six hours, at least, before then. War ain't declared yet, mind you. There's nothing to stop me going and coming now."

"Well, go if you've a mind. I don't know what I'd do without you if anything was to happen."

"Don't you fret. I shall come out on top!" laughed Keith. "Only I mustn't waste time. You be riggin' up some sort of a tent for Jess Foster meanwhile. She'll be safe as a church down in the little hollow where we dug for gold, and more private."

Keith prepared carefully for departure. He took no weapon but his jack-knife, for he anticipated no fighting, the period of old Foster's ultimatum being still unexpired.

There was really no need for any particular caution, one would suppose, for the same reason. Nevertheless Keith set about his enterprise as cautiously as though the road between camp and sea were infested with lurking enemies. He looked in upon the little blockhouse at the well and found the bosun on the watch. He was in command there with three men under him, and being well protected by earthworks, the little stronghold would, Keith knew, give a good account of any who should attack them.

Then he crept noiselessly on towards the landing-place, where at this tide both boats should, he knew, be floating at their moorings. By daylight this little creek would be well covered by the bosun's rifles, but there would be nothing, he reflected, to prevent an enemy from creeping down during the night and either removing or destroying the boats.

There would have to be some kind of night sentry-go arranged between blockhouse and sea.

Then, suddenly, upon reaching the creek, Keith became aware of an unpleasant circumstance. The boats had already been tampered with. He pulled at the line that connected them with the shore, but no boat came floating up in response. Instead he encountered the resistance of dead weight. The boats had been stove in and sunk!

For a moment Keith stood, angry and irresolute. This was an act of war committed before the expiration of the ultimatum.

"The work of some individual," thought Keith, "and done for some special purpose—it might be—yes, that is it." Keith stood another minute to think, then he darted away into the darkness.

So well had Dick Robinson described the island in his chart and instructions, which Keith had learned by heart, that the latter seemed to feel quite familiar with the main features of the place, even with those portions of the island which he had never seen. He now headed along the seashore towards the little village in which the "Hebuba" men lived, and so forth, however, Keith's destination. He went in search of the place where Foster and his crew kept their boats, the large cutter, and the smaller craft in which Robinson had made his escape.

If he hadn't been before me and got away already," was Keith's thought, "I'll turn the tables on him yet."

Keith had not run far when he heard a sound as of the placing of oars in a boat and the gentle knocking of the craft against the landing-place, as though someone moved in it, adjusting rowlocks, and so forth. In another minute he had dashed across the intervening space and found himself within a yard or two of the "Hebuba's" landing-stage. A shadowy figure stood up in a boat manipulating an oar or boat-hook. Keith sprang towards him through the gloom.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The War Begins.

"Hold on a minute there!" cried Keith boldly, "and I'll come with you." He seized the side of the boat and held it to the landing-place. The man in possession was in the act of shoving off with an oar. He uttered a curse.

"Who is it?" he said angrily. "Don't hold on, I'm in a hurry."

The voice was Denys Drake's, and Keith's heart jumped for joy.

"Oh, it's you, Denys, my lad, is it?" he said. "Come out a minute and answer a question." Drake came scrambling from bow to stern over the seats.

"Let go, you fool!" he said furiously, "or I'll smash your infernal fingers." He took a savage swipe at Keith's arm with the oar as he spoke. Keith jumped nimbly out of the way, but seized the blade of the oar before the other could withdraw it. Then the two men struggled for possession.

Keith, being the stronger, pulled his man over with a sudden mighty tug. As Drake fell forward he dragged him by the shoulders upon the rocky stage and threw the oar into the boat.

"Now, my son, you'll have to answer questions," he said. "Was it you who stole our boats this evening?"

"Yes, it was," said Drake, surlily, "and if you didn't have the luck of the devil I'd have got off before you reached me."

"It was an act of war before war's declared—a pretty blackguardly thing to do, I will say. What kind of a right did you think you had to do that?"

For answer Drake suddenly hit out violently with his left, so quickly that Keith only half guarded his face, and Drake's fist caught his cheek-bone, raising a big lump.

Keith sprang upon him furiously.

"If it's to be a fight," he said, "come on, sonny. It won't be the first, and it'll end the same way as our fights used in school days."

The two men sparred and dodged and struck. There was no sound except for the panting of their breath and an occasional exclamation. Keith was the better man and punished his adversary severely. Drake grew furious and closed; the fight degenerated into a wrestling match.

The foothold was slippery and Keith's superior strength and skill were somewhat discounted by the fact. Twice he slipped and nearly fell, but he never let go of his man. Suddenly Drake's legs flew from under him, and at the same moment Keith, raising him slightly in the air, threw his opponent heavily. Drake lay and groaned.

"Where are you hurt, lad?" asked Keith, bending over him. Drake muttered a curse, but made no other reply.

"Well, don't blame me then if I give you beans when I move you," said Keith. "I've no time to waste. You're coming with me for a trip, sonny." He lifted Drake, who groaned and cursed freely, and placed him bodily in the boat.

"Oh, my arm!" exclaimed the latter. "I think you've broke it, curse you!"

"That's a pity, but it was you began the fight," said Keith. "Arms mend, but we must be off on more important business. You lie still there, now, and I'll row you out for a little sea air."

Keith seized the oars and shoved off. The sea was as smooth as glass, though beyond the reef a considerable swell lifted the boat in regular sweeps. He rowed in silence for five minutes, broken only by a groan or a curse from his companion.

"I wish to thunder I'd thought you might come out to our boats," said Drake suddenly. "You must have been d—d quick."

"I was," panted Keith. "I had to be. I knew what you were up to as soon as I found our boats sunk. You didn't do me to succeed, for you didn't play the game."

"D—n the game and you too!" said Drake.

"Are you going to tell Jess about this?" he asked presently.

"Why, certainly. Don't you want her to know you've been beaten?"

Drake cursed again, but said nothing.

"What are you goin' to do with me?" he asked presently. "I think my arm's broken, or I'd fight you fair in the daylight."

"You'll do better fightin' me unfair and in the dark," replied Keith, "though you didn't make much of a job of it to-night. What'm I going to do with you? Why, carry you back to our camp soon as I've told 'em on the ship that you silly fools are going to attack us."

After this Drake was silent until the small boat lay under the "Penelope's" towering stern. Then he spoke in a chastened tone.

"Don't you give me away too badly to her, Mr. Adams," he said. "You've crippled me, curse you. That ought to be enough for you for the present."

"You sit where you are and hang on to the rope with your other arm. You'll be able to tell her yourself in a minute. Tell her what you like. I'll leave it to you if you prefer it," said Keith cheerily. Then he hailed the ship and Tom Foster appeared. In another minute Keith stood on deck.

"What's up, Adams?" Tom asked. "Is it all right with the skipper and our crew?"

"There's goin' to be ructions, and I've come to warn you. The 'Hebuba' chaps won't have us at any price, and they've moved the gold so that we don't know where to look for it. They've given us till the morning to clear out of the island, and if we aren't cleared by seven, they'll begin shootin'." Were they prepared for 'em all right. What about you if you're attacked?"

"I'd better stand a mile and a half nearer in shore and bring the brass gun into nice range of their camp. We're all right unless they manage to surprise us."

"Well, you'd have to keep a good look-out. Your dad's bossing them, and he seems to have gone mazed over this treasure. I want Jess, to take ashore with me. She shall be all safe. Without her we shall never know where they've hidden the gold boxes." Tom Foster laughed.

"Why, what does she know about it?" he said. "No more'n we do."

"Young Denys Drake does, though. With her to help we'll work the secret out of him before we've done. We might knock 'em, mind you, but we can't force them to tell us what they want to keep to themselves."

"Well, you've got to catch your Drake first!" laughed Tom. "Maybe he's forgotten Jess by now."

"Well, I've got him in the boat there, so we shall soon have an opportunity of judging for ourselves."

"What! Come over our side?"

"Not he, not yet. Jess may get him over. I can't."

Tom Foster fetched his sister.

"You're going on the island, Jess," he said. "Mr. Adams has called for you."

The girl gave a cry of delight. "Oh! shall I see Denys?" she exclaimed, seizing Keith's arm, "and father?"

"He's in the boat now, waiting for us. You can go down first, if you like, and talk to him while I finish with Tom."

"Mind his arm," said Keith over the side, as Jessie scrambled quickly down the ladder and into the boat. "Mind his arm, Jess! He slipped down and hurt it, coming off."

"If Jess don't manage young Drake," said Keith, continuing his conversation with Tom, "can you think of any other way of gettin' at the secret?"

"There's the two chaps in iron. Would they know it?" Tom asked, after reflection.

"They'd know all right, if you could persuade one of 'em to let it out. You might be threatenin' or bribin' one of the rascals while we're busy ashore. If you get anything out of either of 'em, keep it dead secret till I see you."

"I'll try!" said Tom.

When Keith lowered himself into the little boat, presently, he found Jess sobbing, with her arm about her lover's neck, vowing that he should never leave her again, scolding and pitying in the same breath. "You ought to have come with Dick Robinson," she said, and immediately following this speech, "But maybe you was right to stay by father and take care of the old man."

"Dick had no right to go!" said Drake. "He was shot at for escapin' without leave, against our laws. A small community's just as much bound to keep the laws, if it has them, as a big one."

"I meant to scold you ever, and I can't!" said Jessie. As for Keith, he pulled at his oars and reflected that the favors of the little god Cupid are very unequally distributed in this world.

Meanwhile Tom, watching the little boat till it vanished in the gloom, began to think how he had best set his house in order in case of night attacks. There were no searchlights in those days, and if there had been, a small sailing vessel of the "Penelope" size would scarcely have possessed one. How in the world should he protect himself and his ship from the sudden onslaught of a boatful of armed men, creeping up in the darkness?

The only way of baffling such an attack that Tom Foster could think of was to change his anchorage every evening as soon as darkness fell. This and the keeping of a constant and efficient watch would obviate to a certain extent the chances of a surprise.

Tom had a crew of three sick or convalescent sailors, two prisoners, and a cabin-boy. The three men and himself must keep regular watches, the boy being left out of the account, not to be trusted. Of course the prisoners were useless. More, they were a constant source of trouble and danger.

"I'll minimize that, anyway," said Tom, "by separating them at once!" This he did without further delay, to the intense disgust of Mr. Evans and Mr. Inglis, to return now to their proper names.

Then Tom and his men heaved up their anchor as quietly as possible and shifted their position, drifting a mile and a half nearer shore, and somewhat eastward of their late anchorage, in order to be within range of the camp of their own party.

When hostilities commenced at daylight, Tom was glad indeed that he had taken up his new position, and his delight was shared by Brenton and Adams and the rest of the "Penelope" faction, but not by the "Hebuba" people.

It was about seven in the morning when the silence of the quiet Pacific was startled by the sharp crack of rifles on Innocence Island.

(To be continued.)

A Busy Official.

OUR host was showing us through his club. In one room we found a haggard man, surrounded by a score of stenographers, typewriters and messenger-boys.

"I am going to sit into a little game of poker," said a club member who rushed into the room.

"Send word to Mr. Jones's house that he is detained down town to pass judgment on an exhibit of pictures," said the haggard man to one of the stenographers.

"I am going to the Flipp Theater to see the new burlesque," announced another new-comer.

"Boy!" ordered the haggard man, "run out to Mr. Smith's and tell his wife that he will not be home to-night, because he has to attend to a perplexing column of figures."

"I am going to attend a quiet little wine-supper," whispered a third new-comer.

"Send a note out to Mr. Jobson's, saying that he will be compelled to endea-

At The National Capital.

What Postum Did There.

A well-known figure at the National Capital is that of an attorney-at-law and solicitor of patents, who has been practicing before the courts and the Department of the Interior at Washington for more than 25 years. The experience of this gentleman with coffee is unusually interesting, for it proves that although the ill-results from coffee are slow, they are sure. He says: "I have consumed coffee at my meals for many years, and of late years have been annoyed by indigestion, stomach and sleeplessness, pains in my head, nervousness and confusion of the mind. About 18 months ago I quit coffee and commenced to use Postum Food Coffee, and have experienced the most pleasing and beneficial results therefrom."

"It has aided my digestion, increased my appetite for healthy food, appeased my stomach, invigorated my brain, cleared and quieted nerves and mind, and enabled me to sleep soundly 8 hours out of the 24. It has imparted buoyancy and cheerfulness to my daily life, and caused me to look on the bright side of things in general. It has fitted me to do more brain work than ever before, and I would consider it a calamity to be deprived of its use."

"I look on Postum as an absolute cure for the ills that coffee causes. It not only cures the ravages of coffee, but stimulates to vigor and healthy action the brain and all the organs of the human body. It has with me and with many of my friends, and this is my authority for the statement." Name furnished by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

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It's worth a trial.

vor to find that perplexing balance to-night," ordered the haggard man.

"Who is he?" he whispered as our guide drew us on.

"He's the official excuse-inventor," explained our guide. "It's a new idea of ours, to have our excuses for absence from home of such a nature that they may be said to be absolutely true."

As we left a club attendant hurried in and said:

"Mr. Buffer got into a little fight down street and won't go home until his blacked eye is fixed up."

"Send word to Mrs. Buffer," ordered the excuse-inventor without a moment's hesitation, "that Mr. Buffer has accepted an invitation to witness a demonstration of applied art."

"How on earth did you ever get hold of such an ingenious man?" we asked.

"Oh, it was easy," said our guide. "He has been married six times."

Knows no Distinction.

Rich and Poor Alike Suffer From Catarrh in This Climate.

All observant physicians have noticed the enormous increase in catarrhal diseases in recent years, and the most liberal and enlightened have cheerfully given their approval to the new internal remedy, Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, as the most successful and by far the safest remedy for catarrh yet produced.

One well-known catarrh specialist, as soon as he had made a thorough test of this preparation, discarded inhalers, washes and sprays and now depends entirely upon Stuart's Catarrh Tablets in treating catarrh, whether in the head, throat or stomach.

Dr. Rissell says: "In patients who had lost the sense of smell entirely and even where the hearing has begun to be affected from catarrh, I have had fine results after only a few weeks' use of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets. I can only explain their action on the theory that the cleansing and antiseptic properties of the tablets destroy the catarrhal germs wherever found because I have found the tablets equally valuable in catarrh of the throat and stomach as in nasal catarrh."

Dr. Estabrook says: "Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are especially useful in nasal catarrh and catarrh of the throat, clearing the membranes of mucus and speedily overcoming the hawking, coughing and expectorating."

Any sufferer from catarrh will find Stuart's Catarrh Tablets will give immediate relief, and, being in tablet form and pleasant to the taste, are convenient and always ready for use, as they can be carried in the pocket and used at any time, as they contain no poisonous drugs, but only the cleansing, antiseptic properties of Eucalyptus bark, blood root and Hydrastin.

All druggists sell the tablets at 50 cents for complete treatment.

The New Day.

Oh happy was the thought of those who reckoned by the setting sun! Not finished days, but days begun—Hushed days begun with starred repose!

Wise had it been that mode to keep—To say that death, like sunset, brings A source and not an end of things, A new day opening with a sleep.

—G. W. Wood.

Reduction in Rates to Colorado, Montana, Utah, Washington, Oregon, British Columbia, etc.

The Grand Trunk will, until April 30, sell one-way colonists' tickets at following low rates from Toronto, viz., \$34 to Billings, \$39 to Denver, Salt Lake, Portland, \$39.50 to Spokane, \$42 to Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, Nelson and Rossland, \$44 to Los Angeles or San Francisco, Cal. Other points in proportion. Full information as to stop-over privileges, date trip tickets, etc., at city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

Chicago trains leave 7.35 a.m., 4.50 p.m., and 11.20 p.m.

Real Aristocracy.

The real aristocracies of Europe, such as the consular families of Rome and the magnates of Austria-Hungary, hold English pretensions to long descent in supreme contempt. It is not only true they despise the peerages of the Victorian age and such growths of the Reformation as the Cecils and the Cavendishes and the Russells, but they even

think scorn of our mediaeval glories, and hold Seymours and Howards and Percys to be merely ennobled squires. There are, however, some three or four English families which are ranked as great even by the exacting requirements of Rome and Vienna, and eminent among these are the Talbots, the Stanleys and the Nevilles. This reflection gives piquancy to Lord William Nevill's just-published book on convict life. To number "Warwick the King-maker" among his ancestors, to have one's home in the oldest enclosed deer park in England, to have been oneself the best-looking, best-dressed and most popular young man in London, and then to pass with perfect equanimity and contentment to drawing a cart on a convict farm and washing medicine bottles in a convict infirmary is, indeed, to have established a social record of unusual interest.

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Curious Bits of News.

Corsets are not the only articles feminine that men have adopted. King Edward quite often wears on his left wrist a bracelet that once belonged to Maximilian, the ill-fated Emperor of Mexico. Maximilian believed this bracelet to be a charm against evil, but considering his fate this can hardly be the reason why King Edward wears it.

The "Japan Times" reports a remarkable case of the engineer being hoist with his own petard. Our esteemed contemporary says: "Two convicts were executed at the Ichigaya prison on Wednesday. One of them, Matsutaro Sohtome, was a carpenter, and said while climbing up the guillotine that it had been built by himself during his previous service at the prison some years ago for the offence of larceny. He was much touched by this strange incident." Who would not be?

Editors out west still occasionally sling ink with breezy emphasis. For instance, a rival journalist recently wrote the ire of Editor Bayse of the Belleville (Kan.) "Telescope" and this is how the man named began his reply: "From time immemorial it has been customary for ants and fleas and flies and fools, scoundrels and sealawags and skunks, Januses, jackasses and Judases, lizards, leeches and lice to, assail mankind in general and their superiors in particular. The attack last week," etc.

A new word, and one of the best we have seen, is offered to the public by the English press, "oysteria," and with its suggestion of hysteria it connotes the fear of typhoid from shellfish. The English oysters come mostly from the mouth of the Thames, and Londoners are in the midst of one of their frequent typhoid scares, and there is a complete collapse of the oyster trade. One Billingsgate merchant was at the pains to secure a medical certificate for his oysters, setting forth that his beds were inaccessible to sewage.

To get the eggs of a new species of mosquito inhabiting a South Carolina swamp, Dr. W. C. Coker of the University of North Carolina had to borrow the aid of a horse. The horse was driven into the low ground haunted by the mosquitoes, and when he came out the insects were found drilling through his skin. They were carefully removed, put in a tin bucket, fed daily with blood from the hand, and after about five days, to the doctor's great delight, they laid their eggs in the water. It was to procure and study these eggs that he had taken all his trouble. In such homely ways science sometimes makes its advances.

Among the many interesting discoveries of Dr. Sven Hedin in Central Asia is a singular oscillation in the position of the lake of Kara-koshun, or Lop-nor. This lake seems as restless as some rivers that change their beds, but the cause of its movements is a secular change in the level of the desert, in the midst of which it lies, bordered by vegetation. At present the lake is retreating northward from the place where Prievalsky found it, and creeping toward its ancient bed, where it is known to have lain in the third century of the Christian era; and as it slowly moves, the vegetation, the animals, and the fishermen with their reed huts follow its shores northward. Dr. Hedin believes that after reaching the northern part of the desert the lake returns southward, the period of oscillation being 1,000 years or more.

In a Garden Wild.

There is a garden,
A garden wild,
And in it wanders
A little child.

The angels are fraying
A path for His feet,
And high in the branches
The birds sing sweet.

And who can know
How His heart may yearn,
Or who can see
What His eyes discern?

But Mary is calling,
"Come home, my son;
The shadows are falling,
The day is done."
—Lady Lindsay.

Overheard in the Country.

Book Agent—Uncle, I'd like to sell you a new cyclopaedia. Uncle Sway-back—Wa-al, young feller, I'd like ter hev one, but I'm afraid I'm too old to ride the blame thing.

Building Bones.

Of Great Importance That Children Have Proper Food.

A child will grow up with weak and small bones or strong and sturdy frame, depending on the kind of food given.

That's why feeding the youngsters is of such great importance. The children do not select the food—the responsibility rests with the parent or guardian, and with you it you select the food for a boy or girl.

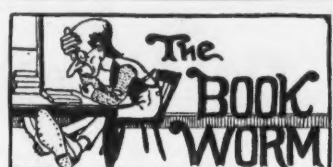
The scientific selection of this food should begin as early as possible. That's when the delicate little plant needs the tenderest care. A well-known lady of Calistoga, Cal., says: "About two years ago my little niece was taken sick. When medical aid was called one physician pronounced the case curvatures of the spine; another called it softening of the bones and gave but little hope of her recovery. For weeks she had been failing before her parents thought it anything but trouble from her teething."

"She had been fed on mushes and soft foods of different kinds, but at last her stomach could retain scarcely anything. At this time she had become a weak little skeleton of humanity that could not much more than stand alone."

"The doctors changed her food several times, until finally she was put on Grape-Nuts, which she relished from the first and ate at almost every meal, and her recovery was wonderful. She has been gaining ever since in strength and weight."

"She has eaten dozens of packages of Grape-Nuts in the last year and a half, and the child is now a rosy-cheeked and healthy little girl, still clinging to her Grape-Nuts."

"It is plain the food has saved her life by giving her body the needed material to keep it well and the bone material to build with." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.



"SIR WILFRID LAURIER AND THE LIBERAL PARTY: A Political History."

By J. S. Willison. In two volumes. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co., (Limited).

So far as one may judge from the first volume of this long-anticipated work, Mr. Willison has produced a genuinely important political history. It is rather to be doubted if the effort is as valuable on its biographical as its historical side. Biography, at its best, is not written of a living subject. We are yet too close to the Premier of the Dominion and to most of the issues with which his statesmanship has grappled, to get a trustworthy perspective of Sir Wilfrid's character and career. Truth is the daughter of time, and only as great figures recede into the distance can we accurately seize their shape and proportions. The personal element in a contemporary estimate may vitiate the most sincere and impartial conclusion. Mr. Willison, as a journalist intimately in touch with the Liberal party throughout the period of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's leadership, and as a close personal friend of the Premier's, has doubtless within easy reach all the sources of information upon which any contemporary biographer could hope to draw. As a story of the gifted leader's life, Mr. Willison's pages make entertaining, indeed delightful, reading. But it is in the discussion of large political questions, in the analysis of men and movements of the last half-century of Canadian history, in the narration of events which have already passed within the range of historical criticism, that Mr. Willison's work is most vigorous, original and convincing. This, of course, is to be expected, and the author of "Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party" is doubtless fully conscious that however the personal theme may have appealed to his sympathies and warmed his imagination, the success and value of the work he has produced will be measured ultimately as a contribution to the elucidation of a period rather than a character.

Mr. Willison in his first chapter traces the elements of the Liberal party in Canada to their various and unlike sources. He finds them mainly in "the heroic purpose of William Lyon Mackenzie; the fiery genius and fervent radicalism of Papineau; the saner counsels and more responsible statesmanship of Baldwin and Lafontaine; the reforming zeal and splendid optimism of George Brown; the intellectual dominance of Edward Blake; the constitutional prescience of Oliver Mowat; and the sympathetic and sagacious nationalism of Wilfrid Laurier." There were other forces, as he acknowledges, but "these are the names that history will preserve." This first chapter, in which the genesis and evolution of Canadian Liberalism is outlined, is unsurpassed, if indeed it is equalled, by any subsequent chapter in the first volume. Both in style and in subject matter the former editor of the "Globe" here fully justifies his reputation. In keen, critical and yet sympathetic analysis of character, in dignity of diction and exquisitely shaded expression, in subtle and intuitive grasp of the bearing and interpenetration of seemingly unrelated issues, in judicial impartiality together with kindly understanding, and in the rich play of humor and sentiment, this chapter has surely not been surpassed in recent historical writing. As a sample of Mr. Willison's work at its best, and of all the qualities above enumerated at their highest pitch of perfection, one may cite the contrast he draws at pages 18 and 19 between the political methods and attributes of those two inveterate rivals, George Brown and John A. Macdonald. It is impossible here to quote the passage in full, but a few sentences will suffice to give the flavor of the whole:

"He (Brown) had, in short, none of the arts which Sir John Macdonald so successfully employed to lure the wavering type of politician into his camp. When he struck at a weak or treacherous ally he struck to kill, and without calculation; while Sir John Macdonald could wait for the opportune moment, provide fortuitous provocations to slow suicide and withhold the fatal blow until the victim had so exhausted his strength and blundered away his opportunities that he became impotent for mischief and hardly worth the killing."

This is good writing—and good reading, too. Would there were more historical writing like it! Much of Mr. Willison's work is as a par with the passage quoted.

In subsequent chapters Mr. Willison describes conditions in Quebec prior to and at Confederation, showing the gradual deepening of the breach between the Rouge party and the Roman Catholic hierarchy—a breach which threatened the very peace and progress of the country in the long-drawn-out quarrel over the "Institut Canadien" and its upshot, the Guibord case. He shows all the forces at work—forces various and formidable—against the Confederation movement, not only in Quebec, but in the other provinces as well. Against the dim background of political opinion and movement he gradually draws in a haunting picture of Laurier, the little country-bred boy attending first the elementary school of his native parish; then sent away to a Protestant school that he might learn the rudiments of English; serving after school hours behind the counter of a village store to further his command of the strange tongue; next, at twelve years of age, enrolled as a student at a church college, where he remains for seven years, mastering history and literature and giving high promise of future distinction. Young Laurier's career as a law student in Montreal, where he attended and graduated from McGill University; his first public address as valedictorian of his class; his fortunate associations with young men of high purpose and character; his struggles as a youthful practitioner in the metropolis; his affiliation with that school and hotbed of radicalism, the "Institut Canadien"; his brave battle with threatening lung disease and retirement to the country, where he united the profession of advocate with the drudgery of a rural editorship; his election to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec in 1871 and to the Dominion House of Commons in 1874—these are all dealt with by the biographer after a somewhat perfunctory fashion and ap-

parently as matters subsidiary to the discussion of large questions, having to do with the advancing state of national development and the changing trend of public feeling as Confederation passed from a dubious problem to an accomplished fact. Young Laurier appears to have been a very attractive youth; studious, eloquent, companionable; radical but not visionary; a hard hitter in the court-room, on the stump, and in the press—not by any means the profoundly diplomatic and amiable gentleman who led the Liberal party to victory in 1896. The editorials from his pen reproduced from the sole extant copy of his paper, "Le Deffricheur," show him to have been a racy and aggressive writer. One could almost wish that Laurier the journalist had survived in place of Laurier the orator and conciliator. "During these years he was poor in purse and frail in health, and with all his splendid dowry of intellect and personality he had to know both labor and sacrifice before he got free of debt and thoroughly established in his profession."

With his election to the House of Commons in 1874, we find Mr. Laurier fairly launched upon the tide that ultimately bore him to fame and fortune. From this date on his biographer is able more closely to correlate his activities and utterances with the great problems of statesmanship that emerge in the political attitude and course of action on all the critical issues presented from 1874 down to the North-West rebellion of 1885 is set forth with an amount of detail and attention to the views of others that must have entailed upon the author long, patient and laborious study. It is fair to say that in the light of Mr. Willison's chapters, Mr. Laurier's strength as a statesman, at least in opposition, seems to have lain largely in his moderation. Generally he has maintained a temperate attitude, and has sought to reconcile conflicting points of view and to strike the "golden mean." In a word, he has been fair. He seems to have grown in breadth and toleration as he grew in power and conviction. The reverse process is too often the one experienced in the life devoted to a party. It should be interesting in Mr. Willison's second volume to note how this unfolding and enlarging of character is continued as the opportunities and responsibilities of the statesman multiply.

It would be ungracious and unprofitable to seek faults in a work so admirable in purpose and in treatment as this "Life of Laurier." But if one might offer any criticism it is that the author has permitted himself at times to become too discursive. This, we fancy, is a failing against which Mr. Willison ought to be specially guarded. Mr. Willison cannot refrain from exhausting the immediate subject in hand. His attention to collateral matters is unnecessarily painstaking. Some of the biographical data embodied, as to minor actors in the political drama, seem to be unnecessary to the main purpose of the narrative, and at times Mr. Willison's elucidation of particular events (as, for example, the Guibord case) though interesting and informing, is somewhat disproportionate to their importance.

The style, as we have said, is, on the whole, admirable. Mr. Willison is the master of an easy and graceful but dignified diction. He can be and frequently is antithetical, epigrammatic and incisive. His sentences, as a rule, may be restrained and conventional, but occasionally they burgeon forth into idiom of the most delightful sort. One could wish at times that Mr. Willison were in command of a more meagre vocabulary—especially in his adjectival branch. His command of epithet is fluent to a fault, and many passages in the "Life of Laurier" would at least not suffer in force by the ruthless excision of synonymous words. On the whole, his present undertaking is bound to add to his reputation as a careful, painstaking, studious and purposeful writer.

The book, mechanically, is well made—in fact, one of the best pieces of work produced from any Canadian press and a credit to both publishers and printers.

Here follow a few random passages of curious import from the first volume of the "Life."

Mr. Willison declares that George Brown's period was "the golden age of Liberalism in Canada." (P. 4.)

"There is a tradition among Liberals that if Brown had chosen to lead a movement against Macdonald he could have dethroned the Conservative chief. When his resignation (from the coalition cabinet) was offered, advances to this end were made to the Liberal leader by a powerful group of his colleagues; and that Galt and Cartier were active leaders in this movement seems to be certain, despite the absence of documentary evidence." (P. 17.)

"It is true that Mr. Brown knew the value of party organization, and if we do not mistake, could connive at arguments in a campaign that were not presented from the house-top and found lodgment in the voters' pocket rather than in his intellect." (P. 18.)

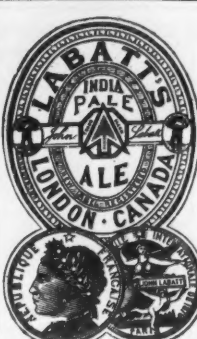
"These (the Catholic clergy) were distinctly favorable to the scheme of union and the fact has profound significance in the making of confederated Canada. Without the Catholic ecclesiastics of Quebec the union of 1867 could not have been accomplished." (P. 91.)

"He (Laurier) derived his knowledge of English mainly from the study of English books and from the habit of thinking in English. It is said that he translated from the French into English all of Shakespeare and much of Milton." (P. 97.)

"A public journal, like an individual, develops character and personality, and only by gradual steps can it deny its past and repudiate its own utterances." (P. 112.)

"Optimism goes with the offices in Canada, and pessimism with divorce from place and patronage." (P. 133.)

"The Scarlet Seal," by Dick Donovan, author of "Jim the Penman" (Long's Colonial Library), is a tale of the rise and fall of that powerful family, Borgia. The name itself is a synonym for betrayals, fratricides and poisonings of most diabolical flavor, and the events of this description attending the rise of Cesare Borgia, son of Pope Alexander VI., make the story. They are told with very little elaboration, more like a history than a novel, although all the incidents may not be absolutely true, they are at least founded on (much disputed) facts. The story is very clearly told and introduces very interesting characters of the time when both Savonarola and Machiavelli were in the flesh.



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Twentieth Century Proverbs.

Inspiration, perspiration and desperation are the rationals which make achievement fat.

People who do not plan their future generally do not have any.

It is a great deal easier to be a good critic than to be even a passable performer.

It is a pretty illiterate man that does not have decided opinions on religion and politics.

Present tragedy makes fine future comedy.

Many persons who are hailed as budding geniuses unfold into blooming fools.

Only fools make resolutions; only wise men keep them.

"Truth is stranger than fiction" with some persons should be rendered "Truth is more of a stranger than fiction."

Don't cry over spilt milk—be glad it isn't cream.

You might as well aim high as long as you are shooting.

Ignorance is anything but bliss to those who are compelled to be its associates.

A candid opinion is generally better than a candid one.

Credit is a convenient garment, but it is liable to become a little too tight for free movement.

The Seer.

Alone on his dim heights of song and dream

He saw the Dawn, and of its solace told.

We on his brow beheld the luminous gleam

And listened idly, for the night was cold.

Then darkness shut out the view, and he was gone.

And though the way is dubious, dark the night,

And though our dim eyes still await the Dawn,

We saw a face that once beheld the light!

—Arthur Stringer in February "Century."

Zola, Neuropath.

Zola, who used his pen on others as a dissecting knife, submitted himself, some years ago, says the London "Chronicle," to a detailed medical examination in the

general interests of anthropology, frankly recognizing the fact that Max Nordau saw in him an excellent illustration of his theory of the connection between genius and degeneracy. Not all those observations nor his own answers to questions about himself were published during his life, but there is now no need for reticence.

He had a wrinkled forehead when he was six; he had "morbidity ideas" until he was thirty-five; and then, when success came in at the door, they escaped by the window. With his intellectual power went a lack of nervous equilibrium; and though he had a strong will and tenacity of purpose, he had feeble powers of concentration and attention, and in later years an uncertain memory. He had bad sight, and no ear for music. The French experts who examined him gave their verdict in a word—he was a "neuropath."

W. H. Harmer Says

He Used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and was Cured of a Disagreeable Though very Common Complaint.

Were you ever troubled with food and gas rising in your throat? Have you ever had an evening spoiled by the objectionable matter coming between you and an agreeable conversation? When it was the greatest of agony to keep it down and the height of bad breeding to do anything else?

Have you bewailed the fate that doomed you to such torture? If you did, you were wrong. It's not fate at all; it's your own stupidity. Others have been in a similar fix and have got out of it. How? Simply by using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. They are so pleased they are telling others about it every day. W. H. Harmer of Avonmore, N.B., is one of them. Listen to what he says. "I was troubled with gas and food rising in my throat; Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets stopped it. Others around here have used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets with equally good results."

He doesn't say much, but it is to the point. If you are troubled with gas or food rising in your throat—if you are troubled with any of the pains or discomforts of Dyspepsia, use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and the relief will be speedy, the cure permanent.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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The Drama

THE is no American dramatist that the Toronto theatergoer is in a better position to adjudicate upon than Mr. Clyde Fitch, for this city has during the past few years seen most of this playwright's works in rapid succession. "The Moth and the Flame," "Her Lord and Master," "Barbara Frietchie," "The Way of the World," have all been seen here prior to the present season, while "The Bird in the Cage" is being produced at the Grand this week by a company of exceptional ability. Looking back over the work of Mr. Fitch as seen here, its unevenness is the most salient characteristic which arrests the attention. In most of his plays there is always some scene, some character, which is out of keeping with the general scheme of the piece. In one and the same drama Mr. Fitch often unites great stagecraft and truth to nature, while exciting condemnation by some piece of foolish claptrap clearly designed to capture the groundlings. "The Bird in the Cage" is no exception to this rule, the irritant being in the form of an Irish character who, though excellently played, goes too far over the boundary between comedy and burlesque to be consistent in such a play. "The Bird in the Cage" being a German adaptation, it is difficult to allot the laurels between Von Wildenbruch, the author, and Mr. Fitch, the adapter, but the many apparent traces of Mr. Fitch's handiwork in the construction and dialogue lead to the belief that the adaptation has been a remarkably free one. The coarse, almost brutal, touches which it is the custom of Mr. Fitch to impart to some of his male characters are in evidence. "Le Bete humain" figures in the play rather obtrusively at times, though quite in accordance with the laws of psychology and nature, which fact renders him tolerable to the student. The theme of the play is the old one of a woman and men—three men this time. The first act shows us Rosalie, the bird, a charming and innocent country girl, who is loved by the upright middle-aged Philip Loring, the head of a manufacturing house in Massachusetts. Bertie, the libertine brother of Philip, looks upon the girl with feelings of a different kind and does not hesitate to show them in presence of his brother, the result being a quarrel and a warning from the elder. In the background hovers Ernest Johnston, a trusted employee of Loring, who is also in love with Rosalie. Act II. shows a proposal of marriage made by the elder Loring, not to the girl herself, but, strange to say, to her old Irish aunt, who is kissed as her niece's proxy. This act is the most weakly drawn of the play, and in it Mr. Fitch's imagination has run perverse riot. Irish burlesque of a vaudeville sort, well done it is true, but out of place here, makes up the major portion of the act. In indicating the elder Loring's goodness of heart, the dramatist has laid it on with a trowel, even introducing the bath chair used by the philanthropist's deceased mother and giving it to a decrepit Irishwoman to whose nether limbs frequent references are made, and who is the center of a vaudeville turn. All this, of course, is not playwriting. The closing scenes of the act, however, in which Loring discloses his love to Rosalie and Johnston gets his come, are devised with peculiar skill and knowledge of the human heart. In Act III. we have the "bird in the cage" for Rosalie is seen at the Loring mansion, being taught civilization as exhibited in the eating of muffins and the drinking of tea, by Loring's sister. She is apprehensive, respectful, and distant in the presence of her prospective husband, but full of gaiety in the company of his brother, whose designs are beginning to take shape. In the last act comes the important scene of the play, a scene which we have had substantially many a time in previous dramas, but which Mr. Fitch has varied sufficiently to make original, and has drawn with a sure though coarse hand. Bertie persuades Rosalie that in order to break off the match with his brother, whom she does not love, she must leave the house and fly to Boston, whence she can adjust matters by correspondence. He kindly offers to be her escort, and makes a rendezvous with her in his sitting-room that night preparatory to taking train together. He takes advantage of the situation unduly, and the cries of Rosalie bring Philip to the spot, who threatens to shoot his brother and orders him out of the house. Philip afterwards hears and accepts the explanation of Rosalie, and gives her up to Johnston, whom she really loves and who conveniently appears on the scene. This act is skilfully conceived and written, showing that the author, be he Von Wildenbruch or Fitch, knows the heart of man in all its devious ways. If certain irrelevances were omitted from the play, and we cannot help thinking that such irrelevances were introduced by the adapter, "The Bird in the Cage" would be a remarkably well constructed play.

As to the company which is presenting the play, it compares favorably with the best that have been seen here. Sandol Milliken as Rosalie presented a picture of rural charm and innocence that was delightful, while her acting had a naturalness and vivacity that do credit to her own understanding and that of the author. Arnold Daly, in the role of Bertie, gave an example of really brilliant acting which it was a pleasure even to the blasé to witness. In one scene, however, at the end of the third act, his method seemed too obvious and coarse. This actor ought to be heard from again. Guy Bates Post as Philip Loring was thoroughly effective and played with artistic discretion. Edward Harrigan, an Irish character actor, who took the role of Michael O'Brien, uncle of Rosalie, and an idle labor demagogue, furnished endless amusement by his attention to detail, the richness of his brogue and general artistic ability, though the appropriateness of his musical selections might be questioned. He was ably seconded by Miss Jennie Saterlev, also in an Irish role, and a bath chair. Miss Grace Henderson was thoroughly competent as the widowed sister of the Loring.

The lady who on the bills is styled the Countess Von

Hatzfeldt at Shea's this week, is quite a charming little woman, though not so very imposing as the name would imply. Her facial expression while vocalizing is far from prepossessing, but her work is clever, and when she appears in the dainty Dresden square-cut she is most captivating. Ned Weyburn's chorus, "The Jockey Club Girls," who assist the little lady, is an aggregation of capable and very attractive women; they are well drilled and work in perfect unison. Hal Godfrey, in "A Very Bad Boy," is an old favorite. He is very droll and is an extremely capable dancer. His assistants, Miss Beresford and Mr. Stevenson, are good performers and support him admirably. Edwin Latell's musical turn is supposed to be "musical comedy." If we are to be permitted to judge, it is, neither one nor the other, and it's up to Eddie to do something or quit. Parros Brothers are marvelous gymnasts; their work is refined and most pleasing. Phroso is billed as a sensation. He is an individual who has the ability to stiffen his muscles and appear to be a mechanical device. His assistant goes through a very tedious performance in transferring this apparent dummy from the stage to the aisle of the theater and after a slight mechanical promenade he is again very laboriously transferred to the stage, where he limbers up, says something, and walks off. Le Mar and Gabriel are a funny team—the little fellow certainly has the gift of gab. The Levinos do a fair skit, and their cartoon work is interesting. Mr. Levino is a winner at portraiture. His work is creating quite a sensation. There is a dainty little woman who does several clever imitations and is being very well received. Her name is La Belle Blanche. She closes this week's bill, which is fully up to the standard.

"A Chinese Honeymoon" has justified its run of nearly three hundred and fifty nights by its excellence of setting, its tuneful music and the cleverness and personal charm of its cast. Seldom have more amused audiences sat out a comic opera than have assembled this week in the Princess Theater. The scene in the hotel garden, which locates Act I, is even more beautiful than the scene in the Emperor's Palace, where Act II. is played, each being purely Chinese and elaborated with a magnificence of detail at once convincing and lovely. The exquisite color scheme when the entire cast assembles on the stage is a treat to the eye. The finale of the feast of lanterns is simply perfect. Some of the songs, "Roly Poly," by the Admiral Hi Lung, the "A la" girl, by Mrs. Pineapple, "The Twiddle Bits," by Fi-Fi, are already familiar tunes, but hereafter will be memories alight with laughter. It is a pleasure to advise one's friends to go to "A Chinese Honeymoon," to be amused to the uttermost by that small sprit Fi-Fi, and, by the way, to hear a very good song, "Could I But Tell You," by the stalwart young hero, Mr. Tom Hatherton (Edward Clark). The Emperor, Ylang Ylang, Mr. Edward Clark, is a huge fellow, and the facial make-up of Chippe Chop, the Lord Chancellor, is the weirdest thing imaginable. The beauty of the bridesmaids and the little Chinese girls is quite remarkable, and Soo Soo, the Emperor's niece (Miss Edith Eldridge) is a very pretty girl. Miss May Ten Broeck, as the official mother-in-law, is an object of terror both to the cast and to the audience, and Mr. and Mrs. Pineapple are excellent.

The old morality play, "Everyman," which Charles Frohman brought over here from England, with the original cast, will be seen at the Princess Theater next week. It comes here from New York, Boston and Chicago, where it proved not only a drawing attraction, but one of the greatest dramatic novelties. Dating in authorship back in the fifteenth century, the old play is presented just as plays were given in mediaeval times, sans curtain, light effects and orchestra. On a platform with but meagre stage setting, the players come and go in the most natural manner. There is no music, save the rendition of a chant to the accompaniment of organ and cello, and the notes of a voice in song. "Everyman" is a literary and dramatic curiosity, being one of those symbolical plays that form a link between the old mystery plays and the legitimate drama. It was first produced in London under the auspices of the Elizabethan Stage Society. Mr. Frohman saw the London production, and was so impressed that he arranged to bring the entire company and production to this country. In New York it excited so much interest that its engagement was twice extended. The performance was largely attended by the clergy, and Mr. Frohman received numerous letters from prominent ministers congratulating him on the success of the production. "Everyman" is superbly acted, but following the ancient custom, the identity of the players is lost. The programme simply has the names of the characters as they appear. The representation of the play is continuous and takes one hour and forty minutes. The names of the characters in "Everyman" are: Messenger, Adonai (God), Deth, Everyman, Fellowship, Kyndrede, Cosin, Goodes, Good-Dedes, Knolege, Confession, Beaute, Dyscretion, Five-wytes, Aungell, Doctor.

For next week Mr. Shea offers a number of good acts including Canfield and Carleton, the Four Colbys, Rapoli, Leona Thruber, Johnson Davenport and Lorella, Levin, Cameron trio, Carleton and Terre, and others.

Modern Education.

The old-fashioned uncle was holding Ethel on his knee and asking about her kindergarten. "And I suppose," said he, with the interest of one who had "spelled down" many a line of competitors, "that you study your spelling-book faithfully?" "I have no spelling-book," said Ethel, loftily. "We're taught by the pathetic system." "Phonetic," corrected mamma. But when uncle got Ethel's first little letter, he decided that she was nearer right than mamma.



A SCRAPPING FAMILY.

Edward Blake (to Sir Wilfrid Laurier)—Let me have Brother Sam here as my assistant in this Alaska business and we'll guarantee to win the case or lick the whole Yankee outfit.



Minister Borden (looking at the empty chest)—Guess we fellows will have to follow Alexander Mackenzie's example by guarding the treasury with a shot-gun.

Made in Canada.

AT the recent Manufacturers' banquet at Brantford, Mr. W. F. Cockshutt read a poem by Miss Pauline Johnson, entitled "Made in Canada," and written for the occasion. To those familiar with Miss Johnson's earlier work, these latest verses show unmistakably the influence of Kipling—perhaps not altogether a good influence. The poem is given below in full, and "Saturday Night's" cartoonist has humorously embellished the second verse, in which Miss Johnson catalogues the simple needs of a Canadian supposed to be typical, but possibly evolved from the gifted versifier's inner consciousness:

What is the creed and the calling that we of the north uphold?
It is never the cry for power, it is never the greed of gold.
Let the east, and south, and west contend, like wolves, for a maverick bone,
But Canada for the Canadians is the creed that we call our own.

Good wines are at Kaiser Wilhelm's, good cakes are at Uncle Sam's,
And in dear old Britain's larders are the best of plums and jams.



But beef and bread, and a blanket, a pipe, a mug and a fire,
Are the things that we have in Canada; what more can a man desire?

We don't need the marts of Europe, nor the trade of the eastern isles.
We don't need the Yankee's corn and wine, nor the Asiatic's smiles,
For what so good as our home-made cloth, and under the wide blue dome,
Will you tell me where you have tasted bread like the bread that is baked at home?

And we are the young and strong, and who so fit for the fight as we?
With our hands of steel and our iron heel and our hearts like the oaken tree.
For we are the home-bred, home-fed men, the pride of a princely land,
And the things that are made in Canada are the things that her sons demand.

So this is the creed and the calling that we of the north uphold;
It is never the cry for power, it is never the greed of gold.
Let the east, and south, and west contend, like wolves, for a maverick's bone,
But Canada for the Canadians is the creed that we call our own.

Church Music in Toronto.

WESLEY METHODIST CHURCH.

ITUATE at the corner of Dundas street and Ossington avenue, Wesley Methodist Church may perhaps be considered suburban in location. Its service, however, may challenge comparison with the popular down-town churches, and it attracts a large congregation varying from thirteen to fifteen hundred people. In the music the progressiveness of the church authorities and congregation is as much in evidence as in other departments. Last fall the organ was brought up to modern requirements at an expenditure of \$2,500, the improvements consisting of substitution of the electric for the old action, the addition of a number of solo stops and up-to-date mechanical combinations, and the bringing forward of the console, which is so arranged that it can be moved either backwards or forwards from its present position within a limit of 100 feet. The scheme of specification laid down for the instrument, however, has not yet been fully completed, five new registers being still wanting. These, it is expected, will cost \$500 more. When these are added the organ will be one of the most compact and serviceable instruments in the city. The organist and choirmaster is Mr. George D. Atkinson of the faculty of the College of Music, who has studied under Dr. Torrington, Mr. A. S. Vogt, and Mr. Fairclough. He is a broad-minded, enterprising musician and an able organist. He has a well-trained choir of forty-three members, divided as follows: 16 sopranos, 10 altos, 7 tenors, and 10 basses, and a solo quartette consisting of Mrs. E. Burrett, soprano; Mrs. F. W. Tisdall, contralto; Mr. Edouard Baumann, tenor, and Mr. W. H. Van Winckel, bass. I was most agreeably impressed with the singing at the service last Sunday evening. Something familiar in it struck me, but it was not until after some consideration that I came to the conclusion that Mr. Atkinson had taken for his model of effective sacred singing the choir of Jarvis Street Baptist Church. The points of resemblance were found in the careful attention paid to light and shade, and to variety of tone color, as well as in the dynamic gradations, which ranged from a genuine pianissimo to fortissimo. Last but not least, there was revealed an earnest purpose to give expression to the words. Many of these merits were shown in the first number, Watson's anthem, "Praise the Lord, O My Soul," a composition of a somewhat cheerful, jubilant spirit, which was rendered with admirable emphasis and with a volume and quality of tone that were noteworthy. The short bass solo was sung by Mr. Van Winckel with mellowness of voice and with natural and spontaneous feeling. The next number, Hawley's "Gently, Lord, O Gently Lead Us," sung by the choir unaccompanied, brought out the more refined characteristics of the singing. The softest effects were uniformly sweet, and sustained without wavering of intonation or loss of distinctness, and the gradations of power were, moreover, excellent, no trace of jerkiness or spasmodic transition being apparent. H. Rowe Shelley's anthem, "The King of Love My Shepherd Is," with alto solo, demonstrated the efficiency of the different sections in alternating entries and responses. Here, again, there was a fine range of power. I must not forget to add that Mrs. Tisdall sang the alto solo with much smoothness of method and in excellent voice. The solo quartette in Buck's "Rock of Ages" was rendered with a well balanced ensemble for the most part, and with the same careful attention to the nuances that distinguished the singing as a whole.

The acoustics of the church are such that in my opinion the choir could be advantageously increased to fifty members. The tenors on the occasion under notice were relatively weak, and the sopranos, without detracting from their good points, could do much better work with added volume and brilliancy of tone. The congregational singing was very creditable, although it must be noted that the hymns were sung to tunes that were familiar and of a character that made it easy to join in. The final hymn, for instance, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," was sung with exceptional unanimity and fervor.

Mr. Atkinson's organ voluntaries could not be accused of showiness nor of meretricious effects. They included the "Adagio" from Merkel's fourth Sonata, the "Meditation" in A flat by Lucas, the Prayer from Buellmann's "Suite Gothique," and for the final, Wach's "Hosannah." The last named is a brilliant and taking number, that was felt to be appropriate at the close of the service. Mr. Atkinson played his selections with clearness and firmness of technique, and in the numbers in which solo stops were suitable he registered with taste and judgment. On one occasion, however, the temporary indisposition of the "vox humana" stop lent a rather grotesque effect to the music that was not intended.

Speaking generally, if the musical service on this particular Sunday evening may be taken as a fair sample of what is heard as a rule in the church, then indeed the choir may be warmly praised for the degree of efficiency they have reached under the direction of their organist, and the congregation may be congratulated on being exceptionally fortunate in being supplied with songs of praise distinguished by beauty and devotional spirit in the rendering. I understand that Mr. Atkinson is a great admirer of Mr. Vogt's methods in training the Mendelssohn Choir, and as I have already suggested, the influence of the fine work of that famous body of singers is being exerted with benefit in many directions, one of which may be followed in church choir singing. Wesley Church is a particular case in evidence, and I have no doubt that in the near future Mr. Atkinson and his choir will approach much closer to the high standard they have set before themselves.

CHERUBINO.

Electric Light for Insomnia.

Sir William Laird Clowes, in a column article on "Sleep and Sleeplessness," in the London "Daily Mail," advocates a novel remedy for refractory cases of insomnia. "I have recommended such people, after having ascertained what is likely to be the most comfortable position for sleep," he says, "to affix a small bright light two or three feet above the head, so that in order to see it without moving the head the eyes must be rotated upward. For this purpose an ordinary electric glow lamp, covered with opaque black paper, in which is cut a hole the size of a pin's head, is very suitable, provided, of course, that the hole be arranged so that it is in or near the imaginary line joining the glowing filament and the position which the eyes will occupy. The brighter and smaller the point of light the better. Let the upward-rotated eyes be directed steadfastly at this, a persistent effort being employed not necessarily to keep the eyelids open, but to keep the eyes themselves bent upon the required spot." This plan, Sir William Clowes declares, he has found "extraordinarily, nay, startlingly, efficacious."

A Touch of Ireland in Spain.

When I was at Malaga, says a writer in "Blackwood's," the lighthouse was out of order, and some Americans had complained officially that their shipping interests were being damaged. No answer was received for two years. Then it was declared that it was the fault of the earthquake which had taken place many years previously. Finally, the light was put out altogether, because it interfered with the fireworks. When a pair of boots I had ordered did not fit and I complained to the maker, he arrived indignantly to protest. "They fit here," he said, prodding my tender toe, "and they fit there" (another prod); "you cannot expect them to fit everywhere all at once."

His Choice.

Bookseller—I have something exceedingly rare in the way of books. Blinks (dryly)—Thanks. When it comes to a book, I prefer one that is well done.—"Bazar."

CLUB LIFE IN TORONTO.

Something About the Social, Political and Athletic Clubs and Club-Houses.

1.—THE NATIONAL CLUB.

TORONTO has no club life in the sense that club life is understood in London or New York. Toronto is busy making its bread and butter, and here there is no class of men about town, men of wealth and leisure, who spend their time mainly in the social round and who in London and New York make the club life of those cities exclusive, distinctive—a thing apart from ordinary civilian activities and a world unto itself. But Toronto has clubs—more clubs and better clubs than the average city of her size. And these clubs, like other local institutions, reflect the life and character and peculiarities of the community.

The National Club is the oldest social organization of its kind in Toronto. It has had a more or less checkered career, but the storm and stress period of its existence has long since passed by, and to-day in strength of membership and assured prosperity it stands a monument to the power of a sentiment and the force of an idea. For it is an idea and a sentiment that has stood at the back of the National Club in all the years since its foundation in 1874—the idea and the sentiment of its progenitor; the old "Canada First Party;" and that idea and sentiment is "Canada first, but Canada within the Empire;" Canadian nationality side by side with Imperial unity.

The history of the "Canada First" movement is generally well known. In 1868, but a few months after Confederation, there met in a private room in Ottawa five young men, full of the new hope and aspiration and faith awakened by the promising but yet experimental attempt at nation-building which had been consummated in the union of the North American provinces. These five were William Alexander Foster, Robert Grant Haiburton, Charles Mair, George Taylor Denison and Henry James Morgan. The number was soon increased by the admission of John Schultz to the little circle. The organization (it could scarcely be called such) had for its object the cultivation of a Canadian national spirit, and to that end it sought to mitigate sectionalism and extreme partisanship. Quietly but aggressively it carried on its good missionary work, adding new recruits, and with a success that must be regarded as marvelous leavening public opinion with its ideals. Others prominently identified with the movement, though not amongst its originators, were James D. Edgar, Thomas Walsley, Joseph E. Macdougall, Hugh Scott, George R. Kingsmill, William Canniff, Richard Graham and George M. Rae.

Colonel Denison has related how the motto, "Canada First," came to be adopted. "I remember one day Foster and Graham and George Kingsmill and a few more of us were talking over matters, and someone said 'We ought to have a motto'.... Some one said 'I think Edgar will know of one.' I said 'I will ask him.' So I walked across the hall to his office and said, 'Were you speaking of any motto for our crowd?' He suggested 'Canada before all' or 'Canada first of all.' I said 'You have got it—Canada first, leaving off the rest.' That means that we have put Canada first, before every other consideration; Canada before party politics or anything else."

So the movement was christened, and its purpose crystallized in a phrase. The work it accomplished at the time of the Red River troubles in behalf of a united Canada was stupendous and is matter of history.

In 1874, the Canada First Party took a concrete form by the creation in that year of the National Association and in this connection the celebrated Aurora speech of Hon. Edward Blake on October 3rd, 1874, must be regarded as a part of the history of the National Club. Mr. Blake at Aurora uttered a trumpet call in behalf of a stronger national spirit, and described the Canadian people as "four millions of Britons who are not free." He therefore advocated the reorganization of the Empire on a federal basis, and that the people of Canada should participate in Imperial affairs. Imperial federation was one of the principal planks of the National Association, and its endorsement by one of the greatest of Canadian Liberals gave impetus to the whole National movement, which now had its organ, "The Nation," a weekly journal conducted by W. A. Foster Goldwin Smith and others.

"Canada First" is, of course, a wide phrase, susceptible of different constructions, and it is not surprising that already the first signs of cleavage in the movement began to appear, some holding that the idea of "Canada First" necessarily involved the ultimate independence of this country—others, and the majority, resisting this notion and insisting that "Canada First" meant "first within the Empire." So far, however, the breach had not become serious, and it was not till afterwards, when the National Association had given birth to the National Club, that it was found impossible to reconcile the opposing tendencies of the Goldwin Smith school with those of the Denison school of political thought.

The charter of the National Club was issued on the 6th of July, 1874, and Dr. Goldwin Smith was its first president serving through both 1875 and 1876, and again in 1878. The great promoter of the club, "the man who did the work behind the scenes," as a subsequent president has expressed it was Mr. W. A. Foster, with Mr. W. H. Howland, afterwards Mayor of Toronto, as his right-hand man. Mr. Hugh Blair also was a moving spirit, and Messrs. Walsley, Ross and Hart were amongst the first members. For some time the National Association and the National Club existed as complementary institutions, but the platform of the former having been adopted in great measure by both political parties, its work was done and it passed out of existence. But the National Club has continued to fulfil its mission as a working center of conjoint national and Imperial ideas, and as a powerful social organization with a most influential membership. "Its name," as Mr. Goldwin Smith wrote a few years since, "was the antithesis to those of party clubs, and it was destined to unite under the same roof all true Canadians, and to afford them a place for free intercourse and discussion in a social way of the concerns and interests of their common country." Prior to the opening of the Canadian Military Institute the military element was almost as strongly represented in the National Club's membership as business and professional circles. For years it was indeed one of the chief centers of militia interest in Ontario.

The first officers of the Club, outside of the directors, were: President, Goldwin Smith; Vice-presidents, W. H.



Members of the National Club starting from the Club-house for Woodbridge Fair. (Photo used by permission of Mr. John Macdonald.)

Howland and John McNab; Treasurer, John Gillespie; Secretary, T. C. Scoble. But of the original directorate of twenty-eight members, Mr. Hugh Blair is the only one now living. The presidents succeeding Mr. Goldwin Smith have been: 1877, Sir W. P. Howland; 1879-82, Hon. Adam Crooks; 1883-84, Lieutenant-Colonel George T. Denison; 1885-86, Alexander Manning; 1887-89, Hugh Blair; 1890-91, Barlow Cumberland; 1892, John Akers; 1893-96, Frank Arnoldi, K.C.; 1897-1900, W. K. McNaught. The present officers and directors are: President, John F. Ellis; First Vice-president, Noel G. L. Marshall; Second Vice-president, Edward T. Carter; Directors, A. A. Allan, E. T. Carter, W. J. Douglas, W. K. George, W. K. McNaught, W. C. Matthews, A. F. Rutter, J. H. Woods, Frank Arnoldi, S. G. Curry, J. F. Ellis, George T. Irving, Noel G. L. Marshall, W. A. Medand, William Stone; Secretary-treasurer, R. F. Lord. In Mr. W. Kenny the Club has an unusually competent steward.

On several occasions the Club faced the prospect of financial embarrassment, but on every such occasion the members have rallied to its support with the utmost loyalty. Under the presidency of Mr. Blair a certain amount of renovation was done to the interior of the building. In 1893 the Club contemplated removing its quarters from Bay street to King street. The plan was abandoned for financial reasons, and under the exceptionally able and energetic presidency of Mr. Frank Arnoldi extensive and radical alterations and improvements were made to the existing club-house, involving a total expenditure of some \$25,000 by the landlord and the Club. In November, 1896, the enlarged and improved premises were reopened with a great dinner, and since that time the Club has steadily flourished, its present resident membership being 353, with a waiting list of 39, and in addition 144 non-resident and 5 honorary members. The honorary members are Mr. J. G. H. Bergeron, Dr. W. H. Drummond, Hon. George E. Foster, Lord Strathcona and Mr. Edgar A. Wills.

The club-house, though modest in dimensions, is commodious and finely appointed throughout. The dining-room, of which a partial view is given, is a particularly handsome and elegant apartment. However, it has been felt for some time that the Club is cramped and its growth and usefulness impeded and even new plans are under consideration for a substantial enlargement and rearrangement of the club-house in the near future, and at considerable expense.

To close an account of the National Club without some mention of the many eminent personages who have participated in its hospitality would be a serious omission. A partial list of the famous men who have stretched their legs beneath the National's mahogany would include the late Lord Dufferin, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Stanley (now Earl of Derby), Lord Aberdeen, Lord Dundonald, Hon. Robert Reid, Melbourne, Victoria; Dr. Parkin, C.M.G., Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, Dr. W. H. Drummond, Hon. J. G. H. Bergeron, Hon.

George E. Foster, the late Rev. Principal Grant, the late Sir John George Bourinot, Hon. Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, Hon. James Young, James Plimsoll, M.P., England; Mr. Horace C. Plunkett, M.P., England; Mr. Hofmeyer of South Africa, and many others.

"So They Say."

"THEY say" are words oft spoken, when we talk about our friends; They're easy, safe, convenient, if our tale someone offends.

When telling how our brother slipped from off the narrow way, We don't use any names, you know, but merely "So they say!"

As thus: "They say young Rounder is going awfully fast; That when to make some party calls from house to house he passed.

He shook hands with a hat-rack saying, 'Hope you'll well to-day!'— I don't know it for certain but really so they say!"

"They say that pretty Mrs. Larks, that lively married belle, Has found her husband's wealth to be decidedly a sell. So her admirers must shell out to help her charms display. It must be all mere slander—but really, so they say!"

"They say our worthy parson, whose preaching is so fine, Likes visiting the widow, as enjoined by law divine; And what's more, married ladies, when their husbands are away.

What a shame to talk such rubbish, but really, so they say!"

"They say that Mr. Beeswax got a black eye last night. He came home early from the store, and likewise somewhat tight; Found his wife on the veranda with handsome Captain Clay.

And there was quite a scrimmage, yes, really, so they say!"

"They say" has blighted many a life, and broken many a heart. 'Tis the shelter of the coward, the slanderer's venomous dart. You launch with care the poisonous shaft the innocent to slay.

Winging it with these little words, just merely "so they say!"

Pictou, Ont. REGINALD GOURLAY.

Mixed Metaphor.

A good instance of mixing the metaphor is reported of Sir Thomas Myles, who recently delivered an address on "Cecil Rhodes." Sir Thomas paid a high tribute to the force of character, the spirit of personal independence and the indomitable courage of Englishmen. He pictured the British Empire as having been in danger at the time of the late war, and asked with emphasis: "Was England to stand with her arms folded and her hands in her pockets?" When the speaker realized from the appearance of his audience what he had done, he remarked that his only apology was that he was an Irishman.

Society at the Capital.

DANCES were numerous during the past week, and as in the preceding week, the number ran to the lucky one of three, and they were all quite large ones.

The first of these was given by Mrs. H. K. Egan for her guest, Miss Naomi Temple, and it was voted by all who were there to have been one of the jolliest of the year. Everyone is always glad, on coming to a dance, to see a polished floor instead of a linen, and as this was the case at Mrs. Egan's, dancing was enjoyed to the full. The house party had gone to a great deal of trouble in decorating, and, I must say, were most successful in their efforts, every nook and corner being most attractive with perfect bowers of flowers and ferns. Another fact which added to the success of Tuesday evening's dance was that, although there were quite a number of strangers present, there were plenty of men, and as everyone knows, this always contributes to the success of a dance, as there are no wall-flowers.

The second dance of the week, given by Mrs. Burn, wife of the general manager of the Bank of Ottawa, at their handsome house in Metcalfe street, although not as large as Mrs. Egan's, was equally enjoyable, in fact several people have decided that it was quite the loveliest dance of the season, all the arrangements being perfect. Mrs. Burn's three charming daughters were unsparing in their efforts to make everything go well, and they were certainly successful, not the slightest detail having been overlooked. As at the dance on Tuesday, there were a great many ladies from out of town, among those from Toronto being Miss Atkin, Miss Kathleen Cassels, Miss Naomi Temple, Miss Blaikie and Miss Baird.

The third dance came off the following evening, at which Mrs. Fitzpatrick, wife of the Minister of Justice, was the hostess. It was given for Miss Mary Fitzpatrick's "coming out," and she received with her mother. At this dance it was noticeable what a great deal of "twosing" was done by a certain number of young people, perhaps owing to the fatigue incumbent on taking part in the two former dances, but, by the way, from what I have been observing, I hope ere long to be able to announce several engagements, if, as the poem tells us, "in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

I am sorry to find that so few of the young married people are invited to dances in Ottawa this winter, and, as I heard one youthful matron remark the other evening, "it is certainly not an encouragement to matrimony to be left out of so much." However, I fancy there is compensation for them in other ways.

The "not outs," or, as they call themselves, the "semi-readys," were not overlooked last week, as they all enjoyed a delightful party on Thursday evening, given by Mrs. Clifford Sifton for her son, Master Jack Sifton, who received the guests with his mother. Unlike their elders, these young people did not confine themselves to dancing alone, but varied the monotony with ping-pong and billiards and had an extremely jolly evening.

Neither were the older members of Ottawa's "four hundred" forgotten in the social events of last week, as they came in for their share of enjoyment in the shape of several dinners, the first of which was given by Sir Louis and Lady Davies, at which the guests were Sir Richard and Lady Cartwright, Sir Elzear and Lady Taschereau, Mrs. Wilson of Niagara, who is Lady Taschereau's guest, Hon. Clifford Sifton, Miss Edith Sparks, Hon. Justice and Mrs. Sedgwick, Colonel and Mrs. Irwin, Miss Fielding, and Colonel Gourdeau.

On Friday Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmour also entertained at dinner, at which fourteen guests sat down, the number including Major-General the Earl of Dundonald. On the same evening Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moore invited a small number of young people to a dinner, for their daughter, Miss Edna Moore, the party going on, after dinner, to Mrs. Fitzpatrick's dance.

Miss Elizabeth Long of Toronto was the guest of honor at two large dinner parties last week, given by her host, Mr. D. O'Connor, and Miss Keenan. Both of these dinners were for young people only, the first on Tuesday, at which twenty guests sat down, and the second on Friday, when about the same number partook of Mr. O'Connor's hospitality. On both occasions the flowers were exquisite and beautifully arranged.

There have been quite a number of entertainments given for Miss Long, who is a great favorite in Ottawa, among them an exceedingly bright and jolly tea on Wednesday at which Mrs. J. J. McGee of Daly avenue was the hostess, and Mrs. A. E. Fripp also gave a very pleasant tea in her honor.

Lady Taschereau entertained a party of eighteen at a ladies' luncheon one day last week, at which Mrs. Ernest Wilson of Niagara Falls was the guest of honor. Mrs. Wilson, who will be well remembered as Miss Beatrice Ferguson, is paying Lady Taschereau a short visit.

A musicale is always a welcome change from the usual routine of teas, etc., and that given by Miss Cartwright on Thursday evening for her guest, Miss Betts of "Calderwood," Kingston, was a particularly enjoyable one, as the programme was so varied. Miss Honor Clayton played a violin solo; Mr. McAllister gave a recitation; Miss Goodwin contributed a harp solo, and Miss Kathleen O'Hara sang in her usual sweet manner.

As Lent was ushered in on Wednesday, there will probably be a lull in the way of large entertainments for a while, or at any rate until the Session is in full swing, when the social world in Ottawa has to a certain extent to overlook the restrictions of the Lenten season, in order to entertain the numbers of visitors who are always here during that time.

On Friday, the 27th, the theatricals which I mentioned some time ago, and which Mrs. H. K. Egan has been instrumental in organizing, take place at the Russell Theater. The play chosen is a very amusing one, called "The Snowball," by Sidney Grundy, and the cast will be as follows: Felix Featherstone, F. C. T. O'Hara; Uncle John, Rowland L. Lewis; Harry Prendergast, E. V. Leslie; Saunders (a waiter), Fritz Ridley; Mrs. Featherstone, Miss Milly White; Ethel Granger, Miss Minota Isbester; Penelope (a maid), Miss Ottilie Fellowes. Those taking part have given a great deal of time and trouble towards making the performance a success.

A great deal of interest is being taken just now in the formation of a ladies' curling club, and several meetings have been held. It has been decided to limit the membership to the number of fifty, and Tuesday mornings have been chosen for club meetings. The officers elected are as follows: President, Mrs. S. H. Fleming; Vice-president, Mrs. Barrett Dewar; Secretary, Miss Ethel White; Treasurer, Miss Toller. It is rather late in the season for the members to perfect themselves sufficiently to arrange any matches this year, but probably next year they will be in shape to challenge or accept challenges from lady curlers in other cities.

THE CHAPERONE.

A Twentieth Century Romance.

Amongst the weekly consignment of eggs received by a Liverpool warehouseman was an egg bearing this message: "Packed by Mrs. Meade, a lonely widow, aged thirty, on Meade's Farm, Bellevue, Manitoba." The warehouseman was a widower, his age was forty-two, and he was decidedly lonely, being without kith or kin. He decided to try his luck with the lonely widow. He wrote to her, told her the story of the message having reached him, sent her his photograph, described his own loneliness in a big city, and hinted that they might neither of them continue pining for companionship if they once met, and giving references to several responsible persons who knew his character. In less than three weeks he received a cable. It merely said, "Come out." He came out. The lonely ones met—and they are lonely no longer.



View of a portion of the handsome Dining-room of the National Club.

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Anecdotal.

A story is told of Professor Fletcher of Toronto University, who is sometimes an unconscious humorist. In a recent lecture to a class in Latin he innocently remarked to the students in reference to the classical names of the rivers in Hades: "Kindly remember these rivers. You will meet them again."

One evening during the coal strike President Baer of the Reading Railroad was homeward bound in a street car, when a fellow-passenger who had a pile of clearing and a lot of woodland upon the mountain began to expound his theory that as coal was one of nature's gifts, the public had a right to help itself to anthracite. Mr. Baer listened patiently to the harangue, and said quietly: "That's a good idea, Mr. —. I am short of wood, and I'll just send a man up to your place to cut a few cords for me. Trees are nature's gifts, you know."

Not everyone recalls the fact that a certain style of high boots, not commonly worn nowadays, bore the name of Wellington. When the Duke was Prime Minister he once visited Windsor Castle to consult with Queen Victoria on an important state matter. The day was damp, following a heavy rain, and as the Duke left the castle her Majesty remarked: "I hope your Grace is well shod?" "Oh," said the Duke, "I have on a pair of Wellingtons, and am proof against dampness." The Queen retorted, "Your Grace must be mistaken. There could not be a pair of Wellingtons."

In his biography of Alexander Dumas, Harry A. Spurr says that the improvident French author who hated avarice was once waiting in line for his cloak at a soiree, when he saw a millionaire give a tip of fifty centimes (ten cents) to the servant who handed out his paletot. Dumas, getting his cloak, threw down a one-hundred-franc note. "Pardon, sir, you have made a mistake, I think," said the man, offering to return the note. "No, no, friend," answered Dumas, casting a disdainful glance at the millionaire: "It is the other gentleman who has made the mistake."

The primary class in Sunday school was listening to a lesson on patience. The topic had been carefully explained, and as an aid to understanding the teacher had given each pupil a card bearing the picture of a boy fishing. "Even pleasure," said she, "requires the exercise of patience. See the boy fishing! He must sit and wait and wait. He must be patient." Having treated the subject very fully, she began with the simplest, most practical question: "And now can any little boy tell me what we need most when we go fishing?" The

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answer was shouted with one voice: "Bait!"

The Bishop Coadjutor of Pennsylvania, Alexander Mackay-Smith, was on the way one Sunday morning from the Bryn Mawr Railroad station to the chapel of Bryn Mawr College, where he was to preach. As he drove in the hired station wagon along the country road, he saw approaching on foot a little boy with a ball and bat and a catcher's mask. The Bishop caused his carriage to pull up. "Little boy," he said, leaning out, "little boy." "Sir," returned the lad. "Do you know where little boys go who play ball on Sunday?" "Yes, sir," the other answered. "They go to Heston's lot, over there behind the dam."

Time has wrought many changes since English bishops were made by Kings, and since bishoprics were sold for cash; but the relations between the British crown and the Episcopal bench are still far from being remote. The new primate, Dr. Davidson, is not likely to pass through so anxious an ordeal as the bishop of long ago whose courage brought him face to face with Queen Elizabeth. Dr. Cox was Bishop of Ely when the Queen insisted on his handing over his garden in Holborn to her favorite, Hatton; and his refusal to do so brought the prelate this message from the offended queen: "Proud Prelate—You know what you were before I made you what you are; if you do not immediately comply with my request, by —, I will unfrock you. Elizabeth."

They tell a good story of Charles A. Dana (writes Rollin Lynde Hartt in the February "Atlantic") how Dana once summoned a boy reporter and said, "Tomorrow you must write up the yacht race." "But," said the lad, "I don't know how. I'm a Nebraskan. I only came here last night, sir, and I haven't so much as seen New York harbor yet. As for yachts—why, I never saw a yacht in my life!" "Just the reason I sent for you, my boy! You'll write a story that people can read; you'll picture the thing; you'll write with enthusiasm because it's all new to you." Sane logic! The poetry of the sea has always been written by landsmen; it always will be. The barack-room ballads are best sung by a gentle civilian. The inside of anything is clearest seen by an erstwhile outsider.

George Horace Lorimer, editor of the "Saturday Evening Post" and author of the "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," is the son himself of a clergyman, and Mr. Lorimer told the other day a clerical story that was, he said, his father's favorite. A country minister, known to this story, arose one Sunday morning to preach upon the text, "Thou art weighed and found wanting." It was a good text. It inspired the minister. He preached for an hour, and there was still much for him to say. But his congregation did not relish so long a sermon. The males, one by one, began to go out quietly, and the women, as they departed, regarded one another with scandalized eyes. But the minister droned on, coming back again and again to his text, "Thou art weighed and found wanting," paying no heed to his impolite flock. Finally, though, four men arose together and started on tiptoe down the aisle. This was a little more than the good minister could stand. "That's right, gentlemen," he shouted after the four, "that's right! As fast as you are weighed pass out!"

In his "Recollections," Aubrey de Vere tells of an Irishman he met in Switzerland, with whom patriotism was so truly a mania that every word in praise of the scenery about him seemed a distinct aspersion on the land of his birth. "What can you compare here," he demanded, "with the mountains of Wicklow?" "Perhaps," said a traveler, "one might name the mountains of the Mont Blanc range." "Oh," he replied, scornfully, "they're out of all reason! I am after walking along the Chamouni Valley for three days, and I only saw four of those mountains. Sure, in Wicklow I'd have counted as many as eight of them in three hours!" "Have you seen this wonderful waterfall within half a mile of us?" "I have not seen it, and I am not going to see it. Didn't I see the O'Sullivan Cascade at Killarney?" "Down it comes from such a height that you don't know where it comes from. Down it plunges, thundering and bellowing, sometimes black as ink, and sometimes white as milk, dashing itself against the right-hand rocks and smashing itself against the left-hand rocks. What is your Hand-deck Fall compared to that?" "Some persons would say," was the reply, "that the waterfall here is about ten times as high and six times as broad." "Ah, then," said he, with an added note of scorn, "then the O'Sullivan Cascade is not big enough for you? And tell me this now: Couldn't you take a magnifying-glass to it?"

York County's Living Proof

That Dodd's Kidney Pills Will Cure Graves.

Thomas Harrison Tells of His Sufferings and of His Speedy and Permanent Cure.
St. Mary's Ferry, York County, N.B., Feb. 23.—(Special).—York County has a living proof of the efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills to bring back health, when all other means have failed, in the person of Thomas Harrison of St. Mary's Ferry. "I began to suffer with a severe pain in my back, followed by a very lethargic feeling," Mr. Harrison says in speaking of his cure. "This continued for some time, gradually getting worse, when I was obliged to call in a physician, who termed my disease appendicitis. Still I could get no relief, and very shortly I commenced to urinate blood."

"My attention had been called to Dodd's Kidney Pills, but I was skeptical of patent medicines, and it was some time before I made up my mind to try them. The first box gave me relief and greater relief followed when I passed a stone that had formed in the bladder. By the time I had finished the third box I was cured. I have had no return of my trouble either, for if I feel any symptoms of its return I get another box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and in that way keep myself clear of that terrible disease."

Mr. Harrison is only one of many here who have benefited from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and the generally accepted conclusion is "If the disease comes from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it."



The Passe Man. Sauce Piquante. A Certain Panacea.

IT'S wonderful what respect the world in general accords to man. There are few joke-books harvested for his various disabilities. No one calls him passe, nor makes game of his single blessedness. Who knows a joke about a father-in-law? Gibson has not made him famous as a widower, nor are his fashions in clothes written about in the comic papers. He may go fortune-hunting with a wedding-ring and his mamma, but righteous indignation never pauses in her pursuit of the girls and their chaperones who run the other half of the marriage market to take a fall out of the male fortune-hunter. Even such little weakness as a "defunctated" condition of mind at three in the morning is offset by the mention of a nagging and vengeful wife or mother-in-law, so that sympathy invariably flows man-ward. And yet man is passe, mean, greedy, silly, soulless, just as much as woman. More, for he has not half of her excuses. Take the passe man; who jibes at him? He may be rich or he may be poor, but there comes a time in his career when a sort of mouldiness begins to form upon him. He becomes irascible or lumpy, just as Madame Passee does. Sometimes marriage reduces a sparkling beau to a passe man in one short season. The wife, good woman, sorts him, pierces the balloon of self-conceit which floated him so dapper and buoyant, and he collapses and becomes the passe man, who dutifully walks with the baby at night and pushes its perambulator by day, his prestige and charm evaporated. Sometimes he grows stale and passe in celibacy; he takes on flesh, and his loose and comfortably creased clothes proclaim the state of his mind—careless, passe! He can be any age in this class, but he is a dimness on the brightest social function and the despair of those who knew and admired him formerly. We see him trotted out unwillingly by women folk at ball and rout, when some crisis leaves him no way of escape. We see him every day, in business hours, plodding along the streets, or, later on, lounging in the club; he is a little sleepy, a little seedy, a little cynical, a little selfish, a little—passe!

It is not so often the doing, but the manner of doing, that is mistaken. The other day two old tabbies (God bless 'em!) Tabbies are the spice of life! watched a woman of rather mature years coquetting with a glammed man, and said one tabby to her mate: "At her age!" and they smiled that forty-year-old smile which set that woman's age as certainly as the parish register. Now, why shouldn't a middle-aged woman have a bit of amusement out of an hour with a nice man person? And if the man likes it also, why should the tabbies condemn? Simply because of the manner of doing. I think the turn of coquetry. For, while the young may coquet openly, the mature person must do so warily. It is just as amusing—much more so—to conduct a flirtation to a neat and contented weariness (for that's the end of those which don't end in fireworks of temper and jealousy, or oceans of mortified tears) as to make it absurdly obvious, giving cause to the tabbies to smile and probably leading the man person to rebel and be disenchanted before he need be. I thought over this, with great conviction, when I heard Tabby say to Tabby, "At her age!"

Flirtations are not wholesome, but, like meringues, flake pastry and preserved ginger, one loves a taste now and then. The woman who doesn't enjoy seeing an added brightness in the man person's eye, who has never heard a little word or two murmured in her ear when she knew she was looking her best, who has never skipped daisies that the man person might go on telling her how handsome she was and hinting that but for her he would "cut the rest of the dance and get home to bed," well, she may be an awfully nice sort of woman, but she is like a continual cereal diet to the sort of man person above mentioned. That sort has his hours of mischief, of gallantry and of foolishness, when he won't eat cereals, if he starved for it, and he looks about for, or happily meets, some woman who is also a bit palled upon by cereals, and she takes ginger and pie and candy together, and life becomes piquante for the time. No one wants it to last, but it's pleasant in its hour.

When once such spirit enters into a man or woman it's hard to say when it will finally be driven out. You and I know old Silverlocks, who still enjoys taking a pretty woman into a dim corner and flattering her until she shrieks with mirth. I have seen a sweet old grandma who tried and failed and shot her fan at her "beard" when he paid her courtly attention, and sent him home smiling and strutting "at his age"—only the Tabbies are not so apt to say that! It is that spirit which nerves a woman to take any amount of pains and bow down to ever so autocratic a dressmaker, and learn to be sympathetic and patient and anything else in reason to the man whom she pleases. It was such a spirit that prompted a Raleigh to spoil a good cloak, that sends men racing out in the rain or snow, hatless and coatless, to hunt up a belated coach, or keeps them dawdling round a cosy corner (when they had better be at home in bed), if they may but look into the smiling eyes of the woman who pleases them, and hear her gentle thanks or feel her little gloved fingers fold firm their big paw in adieu. It is not love, this spirit, but something far less selfish, more ethereal and more piquante, and for want of knowing better the Tabbies call it "flirtation."

The mother, bereaved, sat silently beside her writing-table, with a few little things spread before her—a copy-book, a Christmas card, with round, childish letters, "with little May's love to mother," the child had written. There had been never the faintest rift nor discord in the golden stream of May's love to mother and mother's to May. They had been sailing over the seas of the Orient, bound for England, realm of the blest to bound the one who was never weary of hearing mother expatiate on its loveliness. May was Simla born, and mother absolutely chuckled over the many delights her girl would meet in the sweet, rose-hung English home, with massive

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited

Announcement of the Awards in the "Dorothy Dodd" Shoe Prize Competition

Wearers of "Dorothy Dodd" Shoes Win \$4,000.00 in Cash Prizes.
In September the "Dorothy Dodd" Shoe Company announced an offer of Four Thousand Dollars in Cash Prizes to the 43 women, who after actual test by wear, would give the best reasons why the "Dorothy Dodd" shoe is superior to all others in the following respects: 1st. THE STYLE OF A "DOROTHY DODD." 2nd. THE FAULTLESS FIT OF A "DOROTHY DODD." 3rd. THE EXTREME LIGHTNESS OF A "DOROTHY DODD." 4th. THE ARCH-SUPPORTING FEATURE OF A "DOROTHY DODD." (This Arch Supporting Feature relieves half the weariness of walking.) 5th. THE FLEXIBILITY OF A "DOROTHY DODD."

The response was truly wonderful. There were thousands of replies from wearers in all parts of Canada and the United States, all giving evidence of the stronghold the "Dorothy Dodd" shoe has taken on popular favor. Many hundreds of our own customers were contributors; and their articles as a whole were smart and evinced considerable literary ability. That one of the number was fortunate enough to win a place in the prize list is a matter for congratulation when it is remembered that the brightest minds on the continent entered this competition.

On January 1st the competition closed and the articles received were submitted to the "Delineator" to judge and award the prizes. They have ordered the prizes distributed as follows:

Prize.	Winner's Name.	Residence.	Shoe Dealer's Name.
1st—\$1,000	Miss M. Newman	Boston, Mass.	Shepard, Norwell Co.
2nd—750	Miss E. McGraw	Albany, Pa.	W. M. Laird Co.
3rd—500	Miss E. A. Eichen	Detroit, Mich.	Farbridge & Blackwell
4th—400	Miss M. S. Wessinger	Louisville, Ky.	Stewart & G. Co.
5th—300	Miss Sarah Hillar	Rochester, N.Y.	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
6th—200	Mrs. N. McKistick	Indianapolis, Ind.	George J. Maros
7th—150	Mrs. J. E. Jones	Baltimore, Md.	Hutzel Brothers
8th—100	Bertha L. Chandlee	Kyria, Ohio	Geo. W. Philpott & Co.
9th—75	Miss L. Cunningham	Atlanta, Ga.	Keely Co.
10th—50	Miss Carter Coffin	Columbus, Ohio	Holbrook & Co.
11th—40	Miss Lucy T. Jones	Salem, Va.	I. Bachrach
12th—35	Miss Nellie Fales	St. Paul, Minn.	The Plymouth
13th—30	Mrs. W. E. Evans	Des Moines, Ia.	Field-Inalls Co.
14th—25	Miss Sadie McNulty	Denver, Colo.	Fontana Shoe Co.
15th—20	Miss Clara Conway	Mem. Tenn.	G. M. Tidwell & Co.
16th—15	Mrs. F. M. Haldeman	Cleveland, O.	R. H. Feltzman
17th—10	Mrs. E. F. Rowland	Wilmington, D. Fund	Roddy Co.
18th—5	Miss E. D. Dorrington	Dallas, Texas	Sanger Brothers
19th—5	Mrs. E. D. Zedeker	Cedar Rapids, Ia.	Pieps & Junk
20th—5	Mrs. R. H. Alley	New Roch. N.Y.	Schuler Brothers
21st—5	Emm J. Bowen	Indianapolis, Ind.	Geo. J. Marot
22nd—5	Miss H. Murdock	Charleston, S.C.	H. J. Williams

"We hereby certify that we have passed upon and judged the entries in the "Dorothy Dodd" Shoe Prize Competition, and that the above is a true and correct list of the awards made by us."

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graven pillars at the entrance gates, whose shafts and carvings heralded the soft and muffled in line, glossy English ivy from base to crest. One day, it was the last day, mother used to say, that she really lived, May shot from the deck into the Orient sea. There were hungry sharks there, and that is all anyone knows. It was long months after that the mother, bereaved, sat before her writing-table and turned over the leaves of the little copy-book. Someone came softly in and spoke to her bravely, cheerfully and wisely, but she shook her head and answered, "What can I do to help myself to bear it?" The visitor said, steadily, "There are many little Mays in London to-day whose lives are almost too hard to live. You might help some of them. They are ill, neglected, hopeless, and you could give them care and happiness and love. Build them a hospital or buy one and equip it. That is something that will certainly help you to bear it." The woman put the little odds and ends into her drawer and locked it. She stood up, with thoughtful frowns, and May's books and toys and the old copy-book and the Christmas card. And there she told me about the way she had been able to bear it. It had come just in time, that suggestion of her visitor, for she had become quite ready to adventure her soul into the Beyond to search for her little girl, and there was death in the air that day. "Do you," said she, "remember my case, when you meet heartbroken people, and tell them by what means I've been able to bear it?"
LADY GAY.

Limitations of Genius.

Nordan and his crew, with their vapors about genius and degeneracy, should read and ponder Dr. George M. Gould's "Biographic Clinics." Dr. Gould



Mrs. Laura L. Barnes, Washington, D. C., Ladies Auxiliary to Burnside Post, No. 4, G. A. R., recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"In diseases that come to women only, as a rule, the doctor is called in, sometimes several doctors, but still matters go from bad to worse; but I have never known of a case of female weakness which was not helped when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was used faithfully. For young women who are subject to headaches, backache, irregular or painful periods, and nervous attacks due to the severe strain on the system by some organic trouble, and for women of advanced years in the most trying time of life, it serves to correct every trouble and restore a healthy action of all organs of the body."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a household reliance in my home, and I would not be without it. In all my experience with this medicine, which covers years, I have found nothing to equal it and always recommending it."—MRS. LAURA L. BARNES, 607 Second St., N. E., Washington, D. C.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women.

makes no attempt to account for genius; but he sets out to show how it may be affected by apparently trivial physical causes, and he supports his contention by indisputable facts. His novel theory has to do with the acute physical and mental suffering that has pursued many men of genius through life, often with the most momentous effect on their work; and he believes that in many cases this suffering is due to eye-strain—the prolonged effort of accommodation of defective eyes. Dr. Gould studies the lives of De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley and Browning clinically, grouping all the procurable data and presenting his conclusions with convincing logic. The suggestion contained in this novel method of biography is big with possibilities. De Quincey might have had his disordered genius regulated by a competent oculist, and Carlyle, properly spectacles, might have turned out a noble poet of nature. If Cleopatra's nose had been an inch shorter the map of Europe might have been changed. Who knows but Napoleon's dream of a world-empire was simply an hallucination resulting from astigmatism?

In Chicago.



"You had seen dot Cologne cathedral?" "Yes. Isn't it dear? I always did admire that colonial architecture." "Judge."

A Queen's Thoughts on Love.

The Queen of Roumania's latest literary production is entitled "Whispered Words." The theme she touches on is love and marriage, and here are a few of her reflections:

"The moment the thought of patience flits through the mind in marriage, the marriage has, strictly speaking, ceased to exist, because love has vanished, on which alone this relationship can be built up and preserved."

"For that which we fully fathom stands not in need of patience; it comes to us as a thing of course, natural, simple and clear."

"Unto love every little foible and peculiarity is dear. Every sacrifice is welcome to love, which never feels it as such."

"In presence of the world no doubt it is proper that forbearance should be exercised, and it is meet that the eyes of outsiders should not catch a glimpse of the misery of an unhappy union."

"Marriage has but one sole end, to bring children into the world, and to shield them until they can protect themselves."

"If we could bring ourselves to look upon marriage as a holy sacrifice, an act of perfect self-abnegation, we should



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make much greater progress. In marriage people fancy they can throw off all restraint, heedless of the fact that when they act thus their shortcomings assume colossal dimensions, and their good qualities dwindle to nothingness.

In marriage, more than in any other form of relationship, one should never throw the reins aside, but always keep a firm hand upon one's will. An unseasonable yawn is sometimes enough to produce a whole drama.

Another Myth

In Judge Owl's court the dish and spoon swore an oath of monstrous size. That they'd seen the cow jump over the moon. While watching the evening skies.

Judge Owl pooh-poohed their silly clack. And vowed them worse for drink. Which made the silver spoon look black. And the china dish look pink.

Can ye swear ye were not, on your sterling soul? Said the judge, "on an oath all wool?" Then the spoon confessed that he had a bowl. And the dish was about half full.

—Truman Roberts Andrews.

Office Boy—The editor regrets 'e is unable to make use of the enclosed contributions, for the offer of which 'e is much obliged. Lady Artist—Oh, did he really say that? Office Boy—No; 'e said, "Take this stuff away, Charlie. It gives me the jim-jams!"—Sketchy Bits."

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Windsor Salt
Here and there is a grocer who doesn't sell Windsor Salt, but such cases are rare. No grocer anywhere can possibly buy a better salt than "Windsor," in its great purity, whiteness, dryness. Ask your grocer why he doesn't sell it.
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How Ocean Gamblers Work.

THE methods adopted by the card-sharper on the fast Atlantic liners are many and varied, said one of the officials of a well-known steamship company to the writer recently. One of their dodges is to make themselves agreeable with everyone, particularly with those of the wealthy class, and then, when cards are suggested as a medium for winning away the time and they are asked to fill vacant places at the table, to plead lack of interest in such games, and when finally induced to play it is with a show of much reluctance. We always look upon such men with suspicion. They go about in couples or in fours, and win by posting each other on their respective hands by means of signs. Now, I will give you an instance which occurred on one of the largest liners during the present season, and happened to a millionaire and his party. Two gentlemen and a lady passenger made themselves very agreeable with the young millionaire and his friends. They professed not to have met one another before, whereas in reality the men were professional gamblers and the woman was an accomplice.

After the first day's voyage there was the usual frank rush for the card-room. The sharpers, however, remained on deck. They attended to the ladies, got books for them out of the library, and made themselves very agreeable in performing all sorts of little services to inexperienced travelers.

On the third day they were induced to fill vacant places at a card-table, and the two unwilling players did their best to make the occasion enjoyable. They were scrupulous in their manner of handling the cards and in obeying every rule of the game. It was a high game, practically without limit. At first the two sharpers lost. Never were there two more amiable losers. After a while, however, the luck seemed to change for one of the sharpers, while the other continued to lose. One of the onlookers—an old poker-player—noticed that the losses of one of the men were much smaller than the winnings of the other. Presently their positions were reversed, with the same result; the loser was a comparatively small loser, while the winner was making large hauls.

The veteran poker spectator then left the room and informed the captain of what he had seen. In a few minutes the latter entered the smoking-room, and, approaching the table, said quietly, but firmly:

"This game must stop." The players were startled. The millionaire and his friends were amazed and angry. They demanded the reason for such a command.

The captain then pointed to the two sharpers, whose code of signals to each other had been reported to him by the enlightened spectator, who now stood at his side, and said:

"Those two men are cheating. They are professional card-sharper. Turn them out of the room. I have seen them in the remainder of the trip."

Needless to add, the affable and obliging sharpers were dead out after that.

On a recent voyage of another liner four professional gamblers very nearly succeeded in sharing a "jack-pot" worth two thousand two hundred pounds. In this particular game no persons of any great celebrity figured. There were two or three old poker-players of ample means, a young man with more money than observation, and four sharpers, who, as usual, had to be urged before they would "sit in."

Play began on the evening the ship left port. It continued, with short interruptions for eating and sleeping, for four days. Up to the fourth day there was no apparent suspicion against any of the players. On the afternoon of that day the game reached its climax. The pot then was worth twenty-two hundred pounds. Over twenty spectators were gathered round the table and excitement ran high. Suddenly one of the officers of the ship rushed into the room, shouting:

"Stop that game there!" Pointing to the four sharpers he said: "If any one of you is seen playing on this ship during the rest of this voyage you will immediately be arrested. Now, keep your hands off that money till all the players have taken what they have put in."

He then explained that someone had given him the tip that the four players were in collusion. By a pure accident he happened to glance down through a window on his way to the smoking room, and saw one of the quartette add a fourth king to his hand while ostensibly reaching for his mug of beer.

The moment a captain of a ship receives a tip that something is wrong the games are at once stopped. But a pair or a quartette of sharpers will travel back and forth on the fast ships, which they habitually use, as they carry the wealthiest passengers, the year round, and fleece their victims right and left without even attracting suspicion to themselves. Even when suspicion exists, it is so extremely difficult to get conclusive evidence of collusion between players that those who feel sure they have been plucked lack the nerve to make charges.

When a man has been induced to play and believes he is being cheated his best and wisest course is to pocket his takings and leave the table, as a New York lawyer did only three months ago. One evening, when there was a vacant seat at a table, he was requested to "sit in." He believed he detected a couple of sharpers amongst the party, but decided to play. He was a clean-shaven individual and much older than he looked. As he had anticipated, he began winning at the start. He thereupon enacted the role of a youth with a suddenly-acquired passion for poker, and raised the limit.

His plan worked admirably. Feeling sure of their prey, the sharpers let him go on till he was two hundred and fifty pounds ahead. Then, in one hand, they took away seventy pounds. It was the first loss of any consequence, so, making up his mind that a turn of the tide had been decreed, the lawyer pocketed his one hundred and eighty pounds of winnings and withdrew.

The next day he kept away from the card-room. On the second day following his profitable play he entered the card-room, when he was asked to "sit in" for a while. The young lawyer replied that he did not feel like playing.

"You felt like it the other night," said one of the men, "and you owe us our revenge."

"You refer to my winnings, I suppose?" said the lawyer. "Well, there we disagree. I call them voluntary contributions."

So saying the lawyer walked away. The scene was witnessed by a roomful of

people. Poker languished during the remainder of the voyage.

Another dodge of the professional ocean gambler is to pose for somebody he is not. His accomplice will quietly hint to fellow-passengers that his companion is Mr. So-and-so of the great Chicago packing house. That is quite sufficient to establish his reputation.

Lines to Sir Wilfrid.

The following appropriate lines have been appearing in English papers under a portrait of Canada's Prime Minister:

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, as his name implies, is partly French and partly otherwise; In speech few statesmen can with him compare. And fewer still have such a head of hair; He'll talk in French and English, as you please. With so much eloquence and so much ease. You wonder, listening to his declamation, Which of the two might chance to be his nation. But if you want to clear up every doubt, About Old England, and you'll soon find out.

The Value of Charcoal.

Few People Know How Useful It is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables. It improves the complexion; it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form, or rather in the form of large, pleasant-tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but, on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

CORRESPONDENCE COUPON.

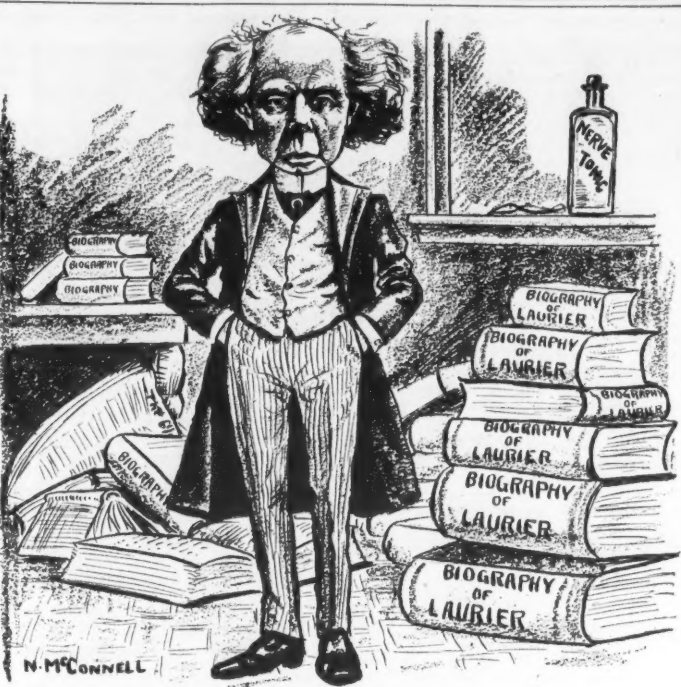
The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Twist or Untwist—Shake, my friend, same day and same month here, but ay de mie! not by many the same year. You are a distinct materialist, but not void of inspiration. You are careful, forceful and sentimental, not very ambitious, but enough so to aim above present surroundings. You can, and do, realize some of your associates' dreams. There is a good deal of imagination and original method in your lines, but they are heavy with lack of spirituality. You can be very kind and devoted to those you care for, but critical and exacting to all others, and sometimes even to your pets. A sort of massive pessimism seems to be in you; it is not properly balanced by courage and faith. You are discreet and unlikely to be over-trustful. You are egotistic, a frequent fault of your kind. Your writing has the quality of lumpiness, a tiresome trait, but out of which develops the most stable and valuable character when properly aroused and spiritualized. Cultivate outside interests and don't be afraid to probe any line of research or thought, always remembering that you are liable to make mistakes and find them out.

Orion.—You certainly fly high in the matter of a non de plume. Do you admit that grand star-man as much as I do, I wonder? I am interested in that part of the country. It seems to have got what David Harum would call a "gait on," and I hope it will yield you the fortune for which you're working. Your writing shows partially attained ambition, a rather uncertain and impulsive energy, clear, plain and consecutive thought and some culture, perhaps a good deal. You are a Libra child, October being ruled by the sign of the Scales. You have tenacity and a certain courage and philosophy that you have probably learned many occasions to test. It is a bright, rather than a strong, hand, and there is neither love of power nor involuntary dominance in it. You know and observe detail, and would likely do as good work as possible, from liking for perfection and conscientiousness; versatility and inability to amuse one's self seem visible. I am strongly moved to wish you great success, however doubtful. There's something in your writing which I at once admire and deplore.

Amy Lynn.—I was much touched by your note, and I am as glad as can be that, if it gave her any pleasure, she got her answer before she died. The "Adum" which Thackeray writes of, I looked the answer to Ardpatrick up, and find it was given to a rare good sort. Thank you for your kind wish, and may I not with very sincere sympathy in the trouble you have gone through venture to return like hopes for you? I am not going to nose about for faults in your writing. Rest content that your "reading" was, as you say, "on the whole, correct."

Babe.—Reckless young thing, how could you send "much love" to an unknown editor? There is a good deal of power and snap in your writing, but it is very lacking in discretion, control and general culture. I am quite at a loss to give you any advice about your situation,



Sir Wilfrid—Well, I knew from the press reports I was a pretty sick man, but judging from these volumes it begins to look as if I must be dead.

but on general principles I should, judging from your writing, say you were safer at home if you can find there work to occupy your enterprising and active nature. As to the other matter, all just say very distinctly that any young woman who writes "I am desperately in love, but there are three or four whom I think something of," is quite beyond me. I may be old-fashioned, but such a sentence seems just as vulgar and abominable a way to express the state of mind you are in as you could possibly adopt. Nice girls who find themselves so generous and diffuse in their devotion—if ever nice girls do—would be very shy of proclaiming it. I should advise you to gather in those emotional largesses and immediately stop work cheap; and go to work at something which will tone up your nature. The reason I am speaking out to you is that you could be such a nice girl if you had the right control and guidance. You're by no means the silly you let me suggest. You have power and should use it well, practical method, great imagination, hope, ambition and enterprise. A Scorpio child you are, with all the faults and virtues of the grand sign well visible.

Rolling Stone.—By all means, walk right in, with your hat on and cigar lighting. Kick the cat and upset the tea set—woof! Your breezy letter knocked me off my mental pegs. I don't seem to know what you wrote it, either. If to praise that friend, it's all right, though she isn't a ginger-nut and only says so because she knows she has beautiful hair of the loveliest auburn-chestnut color. What did you want, anyway? I shall remember your words regarding the next correspondent. Frankly, I hope the next time you arrive you'll let me get the storm ashes on and my umbrella open. A cyclone of mild and benign comparison to your method of opening a correspondence.

Manchester.—My correspondents do not invariably interest me, but I confess that your letter does. If you had been more explicit it would have been easier for me to help. If I might, your dilemma. Your birthmonth is ruled by Virgo, and your self-confidence was the crudest attitude of a Virgo person, sure to be followed. As you developed, by depression and doubt, but Virgo is a strong and able sign, redeeming herself from all sorts of faults, mistakes and catastrophes. Your writing seems to me a strong and able sign, redeeming herself from all sorts of faults, mistakes and catastrophes. Your writing seems to me a strong and able sign, redeeming herself from all sorts of faults, mistakes and catastrophes. Your writing seems to me a strong and able sign, redeeming herself from all sorts of faults, mistakes and catastrophes.

Yachme.—So you upbraid me for recommending "literature of which I know nothing and which may be superstitious and harmful." Silly belief, away and play! The book never leaves my desk. And the author is one of my personal and

A teaspoonful in a glass of water and you get a draught of

Health in
Abbey's Effervescent Salt

Get in good condition for the trying winter days—take a nature's tonic that aids digestion—that acts gently on the bowels—that cleanses the system—that keeps the blood rich—the circulation perfect—and the nerve centres keyed to the right tone—and the whole anatomy aglow with the fire and the vigor of good health.

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yields to the curative properties of

Owbridge's Lung Tonic

—In successful use for over 28 years.—

Prepared by W. T. OWBRIDGE, HULL, ENGLAND. At all druggists, price 35 cents and 75 cents.

"I have used your Lung Tonic for seven years, and always with satisfactory results. Half a bottle cures my children of the worst cold and cough." Mrs. Dawkes, Onley, Bucks.

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A Beverage of Quality

"The ale that's always good."

DARTRINE 'LANOLINE'
Natural Toilet Preparations.

'DARTRINE' TOILET 'LANOLINE' in small and large collapsible tubes. Makes rough skins smooth and protects delicate complexions from the effects of wind and sun. 'DARTRINE' 'LANOLINE' TOILET SOAP is unequalled for cleansing and keeping the skin supple. It never irritates.

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CLARK'S COOKED LUNCH TONGUE.

If you eat PORK and BEANS be sure and get CLARK'S they're delicious.

W. CLARK, MFR., - MONTREAL.

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SUPERB ALE INVIGORATING PORTER DELICIOUS HALF-AND-HALF

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NIAGARA ST., TORONTO
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Drink Only the Best

Inferior brands of Ale and Stout cost just as much as the pure brews of

Toronto Brewing Co.
Since 1877 Toronto

The Breakfast Food Fad.

DISCUSSING the breakfast food fad, a writer in an English exchange says:

Since I began to write this article I have invented a new food, or, rather, the name of one, which is the only important thing. Of course you must understand that I would use about one part of sawdust to a thousand of ordinary nutritious substance. Now observe how it is advertised, and agree with me that the game is really one of the imagination. Indeed, in the breakfast food craze I see the one path to fortune left open to the craftsman of pure letters.

First, I would take large plain spaces of newspaper and hoarding with the words "Watch this space for the new Breakfast Food" printed in a field of white. Stage number one: the imagination is awakened.

Second, I would, retaining the same space, substitute for the printed words a bold picture of a growing oak tree. Stage number two: curiosity is excited.

Third, I would take away my oak tree, and in type of simple boldness announce:

PILGRIM OAKS.

That's All.

And this completes stage number three, which would set all the world of breakfast food eaters agog. But the serious affair of fortune would be the fourth stage. I should stand or fall by that. Here it is, only you are to suppose it bursting on the world in half-page displayed advertisements in every daily newspaper:

ABOUT OAKS.

English Oak is strength and substance. It is stouter and lasts longer than any other wood. There is more strength in an Oak than in an Ox or an Owl. Then why not EAT OAKS?

YOUR BREAKFAST does not satisfy you. Why? Because your day's work is built on your breakfast, and you cannot safely build on sand—you must use timber. All Breakfast Foods except ours are like sand; they support energy for an hour or two and then Sink Away, leaving a sudden vacancy and weakness. But Oaken timber does not sink, and we

have invented a new Food that has all the supporting strength of the stoutest timber. Try it. It will support you.

PILGRIM OAKS is a pure breakfast food, prepared, under medical supervision, from the hearts of sound English forest oaks, cut with silver saws.

In faggots for children and invalids, 1s 9d per dozen.

No Cooking, No Milk, No Condiments.

JUST OAKS. "A log or faggot of Pilgrim Oaks, with a teaspoonful of clear spring water, makes a delicious breakfast."—"Stethoscope."

Fascination of Bridge Whist.

Horace C. Du Val, the author of the popular little book, "Bridge Rules in Rhyme," in speaking of the fascinations of the game the other day, told the following story:

"One morning last summer we arrived at Geneva from Paris, with plans for a three days' visit. On reaching the hotel we met a friend, who suggested 'just a couple of rubbers before dinner.' Well, we agreed and played right through un-

til late that night, with short intermissions for meals. The next day we repeated the programme, and the day after that also, so that when we started for Aix-les-Bains we had seen nothing of Geneva but the hotel. I know that there is a beautiful lake there; I hear that Chillon, with its 'dungeon cell,' is worth visiting, and that Geneva and its surroundings are chock full of 'sights,' but we saw nothing, and didn't care much, for we had a great time at bridge."

Trouble in Store.

Young husband (to wife)—Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you? Young wife—I know; that's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram!—St. Louis "Mirror."



SPEAKING generally, it was a light and pleasing programme that Dr. Torrington and his orchestra provided at the popular concert in Massey Hall on Monday evening. The audience did not overflow the auditorium, but it was an eminently friendly gathering, and specially appreciative in regard to the solo singers. The orchestral numbers offered little of an educational value, and Dr. Torrington was no doubt wise in not attempting any great composition, for it would be idle to contend that our local instrumental talent has sufficiently developed to permit of any serious interpretation of a recognized masterpiece. The selections from "Rienzi" were mostly new to the audience, whose acquaintance with the opera has been confined to the overture. Much surprise must have been felt at the comparatively light and Italian character of the melodies represented in the selection. To those familiar only with "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," "The Flying Dutchman" and "Die Meistersinger," it must have been difficult to realize that some of the most beautiful tunes of "Rienzi" could have been perpetrated by the composer of those operas. This selection had therefore a certain value as giving an opportunity to make comparisons between two periods of Wagner's creative progress, and as showing what an immense advance the composer made between "Rienzi" and "Lohengrin." With regard to Suppe's flimsy overture, we in this city have heard it played "ad nauseam" by the theater orchestras. It is a suite romantic, "A Day in Venice" was an acceptable offering. The music of its kind, which makes no pretensions to depth, is charming, particularly the movements labelled "Venetian Love Song" and "Good Night." The Kling fantasia, "Shepherd Life in the Alps," introducing, of course, the shepherd's pipe, and a storm, prayer of thanksgiving and final dance, shows no originality, but it is calculated to win a success on first hearing with a mixed audience. And so it happened in this case, the enthusiastic applause which greeted it causing Dr. Torrington to repeat the Storm, Prayer and Dance. A polka, a waltz and a march by Gruenwald, Keler-Bela and Percy Godfrey completed the orchestral scheme. In regard to such elements of execution as precision, attack and intonation, I think that the orchestra showed satisfactory progress, and altogether gave a good account of itself. But the weakness of its ensemble—as has been the case with our local orchestras for the past twenty years—is the lack of clearness and definition in details, and of cohesion in the different sections. There seemed to be always some "buzzing" going on in the orchestra, which blurred the definition of the individual parts, even when they were intended to be important. In this respect the strings were mostly to blame. Mere accompanying figures were played much too loud, and singing passages were fingered and bowed with an individual independence destructive of unity. The honors of the evening must be awarded to the vocalists, Miss Eileen Millett and Miss Grace Lillian Carter. As everybody now knows, Miss Millett has a charming voice. It is not large at present, but it is distinguished by an exceptionally pure musical quality, and is, moreover, surprisingly even throughout its compass. And there is just sufficient color in the timbre to make the voice sympathetic. Miss Millett gave the cavatina "Casta Diva" from "Norma," and the "Ah, fors è lui" from "Traviata." The phrasing of the purely melodic passages was fine and smooth; in the florid embellishments Miss Millett was more successful with the "Traviata" excerpt than in that from "Norma"—that is, from an executive point of view. The finale of the "Traviata" number was followed by a storm of acclamations, and had to be repeated. Miss Carter, the contralto, won an equally pronounced triumph in music of a different order. Her selection was Goring-Thomas's aria, "My Heart Is Weary," in which the demands made upon the singer were in the direction of a broad, calm and an emotional expression. I do not remember hearing Miss Carter singing to better advantage. She made the music appealing, interpreting it with feeling, and revealing the fullness and color of her voice most convincingly. Other successes with the audience were made by Mr. F. C. Smith, who played Alard's showy "Aragonesa," in which he embarrassed himself by taking it too fast for distinctness of definition, and by Miss Lillian Porter and Miss Ethel Husband, two talented pianists, who played respectively the Liszt transcription of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March and Elfin Dance," and Moszkowski's concerto, op. 59. The Liszt number is a most exacting piece of virtuosity, and Miss Porter did wonders with it, although her endurance was evidently almost exhausted towards the end. Miss Husband, too, gave a very creditable rendering of the concerto, although interfered with by the confused orchestration. Dr. Torrington conducted with his accustomed ability and energy.

No steps will be taken to reorganize the Mendelssohn choir until about May 1. The test for admission will be then made known, with other information regarding membership in the chorus. The works to be produced next season will be announced at an early date.

The fifth and last concert of the Toronto Conservatory String Quartette was given Monday evening before a highly appreciative and delighted audience, largely composed of genuine music-lovers. Another season one would like to see the excellent programmes of this organization given before a larger number, relatively speaking, of students, for whom such a course must prove peculiarly beneficial. Probably the most interesting number was the first, the Grieg quartette, opus 27. Each of the four movements received careful and sympathetic interpretation at the hands of the four talented musicians, Mrs. B. Drechsler-Adamson, Miss Lina Drechsler-Adamson, Miss Lena Hayes and Mr. Henry S. Saunders. The bold phrasing of the first movement, the delicious duet between 'cello and first violin in the second, the strongly marked national style and tint of the third, and the fascinating changes

running on the quasi-Saltarello motive of the finale, were all rendered with the finish and taste which distinguished the ensemble of the quartette. The finale of this composition is indeed markedly interesting, as showing Grieg's capacity for adapting the form of a totally different school of music and working it out after his own highly-mannered ideals of conception. The Rubinstein quintette, opus 99, in which the valuable assistance of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp gave welcome color and support to the strings, is a composition full of all the romantic force and beauty characteristic of the great Russian composer's best work. While not perhaps likely to become exactly popular, it possesses splendid unity and coherence, allied with tempestuous strength, and was finely given, both by Mr. Tripp, who displayed virtuosity at the piano, and by the strings. Miss Lina Adamson contributed two solos, the Bach "Air" for G string, and Wieniawski's "Polonaise," with the added firmness and distinction which her playing has gained this season, and for an encore afforded the audience an unexpected treat by giving the beautiful slow movement from Mendelssohn's concerto. Mr. Ernest Infield Jenkins, possessed of a good baritone voice and pleasing manner, contributed four songs, of which Franz Ries's "Most Wondrous It Must Be" was particularly effective. In the "Two Grenadiers" he showed considerable temperance, and is to be commended for his clear enunciation. Miss Perry officiated as accompanist with much efficiency, and the concert concluded with the allegro from Beethoven's quartette, opus 18, No. 2. It is to be hoped that the Toronto Conservatory String Quartette will for many a year continue this series of concerts, in which a high order of execution has been conspicuously united to judgment and taste in selecting works for performance.

Adolph Rosenbecker, conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, to whom Mr. Harris sent a copy of his "Coronation Mass, Edward VII.," has returned a reply in which the orchestral leader says: "The work interests me immensely, and I consider it as a work of great importance, although, as you say, it was written in a hurry; if so, you never need take much time in writing something good." The orchestral introduction to this composition, which has received royal recognition from the King and Queen, will be heard here during the Festival performance.

The concert given by the Parliament Street Methodist choir recently was one of the most successful East-End events of the season. The choir was assisted by Miss Bertha Kerr, contralto; Mrs. Ada Ducker Gillespie, violinist; and C. Leroy Kenney, elocutionist. Every number was well rendered, and particularly that grand old hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." Since assuming the leadership Mrs. Gillespie has succeeded in bringing the choir to a standard of efficiency for which she is to be congratulated. Miss Nora Weekes acted as pianist on the occasion.

At the Toronto College of Music on Wednesday, February 18, Mr. F. C. Smith's pupils gave a recital with great credit to themselves and their teacher. Violin solos were rendered by Ruth Corryell, Helene Carter and James McAllister, and an interesting number for piano and violin, "La Fille du Regiment," was given by May and Madeline Ryan. The programme was varied by two piano numbers by Miriam Corryell, one of which was a composition by Mr. Smith, and worthy of note. The vocalists were Miss Florence Deacon, contralto, whose voice showed to advantage in "A May Morning," Denza, and "Angus MacDonald," Roeckel, and Mr. Arthur V. Leithner, whose fine rendering of "The Deathless Army," Trotere, was much appreciated.

The choir of Carlton Street Methodist Church will give the third in the series of concerts on Thursday, March 5, in Association Hall. The choir will sing on this occasion the following numbers: "The Market Chorus" from "Massanello," "O Hail Us Ye Free!" from Ernani; Barnby's "Sweet and Low," Henry Leslie's arrangement of "Scots Wha Hae," "The Cruikshank Lullaby," and Neidlinger's "Rock-a-By" for women's voices. The assisting artists will be the Conservatory String Quartette, Owen A. Smiley, H. Ruthven Macdonald and the Sherlock Male Quartette.

Both amateurs and professionals in this city have been much indebted to the veteran conductor, Mr. Theodore Thomas, for the magnificently selected programmes which his splendid orchestra has so artistically interpreted here. The musical editor of the New York "Evening Post" says that Mr. Thomas, although in his sixty-eighth year, shows even now more energy than many of the younger men, and adds: "When the time comes for him to give up conducting it is to be hoped that he will establish a professorship of programme making at some musical college. In this line few conductors have equalled him. Thanks to his cosmopolitan taste and sympathy with modern music, Chicago audiences are kept better posted with regard to novelties than those of New York are. Among the pieces he will play in February are Professor Paine's prelude to "The Birds" of Aristophanes, Sinding's piano-forte concerto, Coleridge-Taylor's A minor Ballade, Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" March, and his "Contrasts" (the Gavotte in 1790 and 1800)."

In reference to this topic of programme making I might call attention to the judgment shown by Mr. Victor Herbert in placing the "Eroica" symphony first on the programme of his orchestral concert at Massey Hall. The symphony is an extended composition, scored lightly for brass, but of a depth of feeling that requires undivided attention on the part of the hearers. Had it been played after the Wagner numbers, it would have found the audience tired by the more strident orchestration of the Wagner music, and its more refined and delicate beauty might have passed unappreciated.

A recent announcement has been made that before the close of the season a music drama entitled "Der Wald," by an Englishwoman, Miss E. M. Smyth, will be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Miss Smyth has received the unique distinction for a woman of having already had two of her operas produced in Germany. Her first opera, "Fantasio," was performed at the Metropolitan in 1898, and in 1901 at the "Metropolitan," while "Der Wald" had its initial production at Berlin in March, 1902, and

was subsequently presented at Covent Garden, London, in the following July. The German critics ridiculed "Der Wald," but in London it was received with favorable consideration. The New York "Sun" says: "An examination of the score indicates the presence of unusual and highly attractive qualities. Miss Smyth has been her own librettist, and she has taken for her motto and motive these words of Schiller:

"Art thou afraid of Death? Dost desire to live forever? Live in the Whole! When thou art gone it will endure!"

"In her application of them she has aimed to draw a contrast between nature's everlasting forces and the littleness of human endeavor. She accomplishes this in one act, compounded of philosophy, poetry and passion, treating all in a way which lifts the work out of the ruck and stamps it as uncommon. The forest and its spirits represent the tranquillity and eternity of nature. Around an altar the spirits sing in prologue of their own immutability and of the transitory nature of man's joys and sorrows. They and the altar vanish, and the play begins. Its subject matter concerns a young man, Heinrich, and a maiden, Roschen, primitive lovers, about to wed. The mistress of the Landgraf Rudolf is one Iolanthe, a witch, who, seeing Heinrich, covets him and seeks to win him to her. He has killed a deer and hidden it, whereby his life is forfeit, and she seeks to save him if he will forsake his bride. He refuses and is slain. Roschen falls upon his body, the spirits with the altar reappear, and in the epilogue repeat their chant over the corpses of the lovers.

"So much depends upon the writer of scene, music and action that it is difficult to properly appraise the opera's scheme. The score in character is dignified, scholarly, and rich in inventiveness. Miss Smyth has evidently been influenced by Wagner, for all dramatic writers must be. Her scheme, either of her book or score, would never have been what it is without him. But it can be said that if phantoms of the 'Ring' and of Tristan chase themselves through her pages, they never take on positive substance."

The regular Saturday afternoon recital by the Toronto College of Music students was of a very interesting character. The piano numbers were "Nocturne," op. 15, Chopin, by Mary Robertson; "Impromptu," C minor, Rheinhold, by Ada Fogg; organ numbers were "Andante," Dudley Buck, and a "Postlude" in D, Rink, by Michel Burke; "Intermezzo," Hollins, and "Mental March," Calkin, by Carlotta Wikison; "Andante," Mendelssohn, "Alia Marcia," A. B. Peace, by Louise Cushing; the vocal numbers were "I Seek for Thee," Ganz, by Jennie Farquharson; "The Shepherd King," Verne, Ethel Cooper; "Rose of My Life," F. Rose, Katherine Ellis; "Rejoice Greatly," from "Messiah," by Handel, Margaret Casey. All were rendered with much credit and brought forward voices of most excellent quality. The Saturday afternoon students' recitals conducted by Dr. Torrington produce most satisfactory results. The teachers represented in this programme were Dr. Torrington (vocal), Messrs. Fairclough and Atkinson (organ).

Karlsson's Yarn.
I was on a hooker once, said Karlsson, And Bill, as was a sea-man, died. So we lashed him in an old tarpaulin, And tumbled him across the side; And fun of it was that all his gear was
Divided up among the crew Before that blushing human error, Our crawling little captain, knew.

On the passage home one morning (As certain as a prayer or grace) There was old Bill's shadow haunting At the weather minter-topal brace. He was all grown green with seaweed, And he all lashed up and shored; So I says to him, I says, "Why, Billy, What's a-bringing of you back aboard?"

"I'm a-weary of them there mermaids," Says old Bill's ghost to me; "It ain't no place for a Christian, And I've lashed up and shored; For it's all blown sand and shipwrecks, And old bones eat for bare, And them cold fishy females With long green weeds for hair."

Well, he sogered about decks till sunrise, When a rooster in the hen-coop crowed, And as so much smoke he good; And I've often wondered since, Jan, How his old ghost stands to fare Lest of the cold fishy females With long green weeds for hair.

—John Macneil.

Suggestions for a Short Spring Course of Lectures.

(To be delivered before any audience of sufficiently advanced Socialistic views.)

Lecture I.—Shakespeare as the True Socialist should see him. Synopsis of Lecture.

1. Fundamental Maxim of Society—"All Men are, or ought to be, born equal."

2. First commandment of the Social Decalogue: "Thou shalt not excel thy fellows." He who violates this law an enemy to the commonwealth and a breaker of the Social Bond.

3. The pre-eminence of Shakespeare plainly established by existence of such works as "Hamlet," "Macbeth," etc., etc.

4. The generally accepted estimate of Shakespeare a mistaken one, and founded on a false conception of merit.

5. Shakespeare in his true light as the Arch-"Out-Topper," and enemy of the community.

6. Final verdict upon Shakespeare—Anathema Maranatha.

Lecture II.—Wordsworth and his Work as the outcome of a Crying Injustice. Synopsis.

1. The natural beauties of the Lake District the chief inspiration of Wordsworth. Probable arrest of his poetic development had his surroundings been those of the Black Country.

2. The inequality in the beauty of natural surroundings a glaring injustice.

3. Suggested remedy: (a) Total number of natural beauties of England counted and classified; thus: number of mountains, number of lakes, of trees, of meadows, and so on, ascertained. (b) Average number of natural beauties as ascertained, e.g., one hill, one lake, forty trees, one-fourth of an acre meadow, and so on. (c) Funds supplied from Imperial Treasury to carry out transference of natural features from one part of England to another, thus making the

scenery for each square mile uniform.

Mountains displaced by dynamite, solid matter conveyed by a nationalized railroad, water by canals and pipes.

(d) Expense a drain on Treasury, but justice thereby done to all citizens in all parts of England.

Lecture III.—The Marriage of King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid no pleasing incident, but an act of the highest injustice.

Synopsis.—I. Beauty of Beggar-Maid apparently the sole reason of King Cophetua's choice.

2. Plain or even squint-eyed beggar-maid just as worthy of promotion to rank of Queen, hence injustice of marriage.

3. Suggestions for removal of inequality of beauty in Society.

(a) All women to be placed by Local Commissioners in five classes of descending values of beauty, A, B, C, D, E—C representing the average.

(b) All female dress to consist of uniforms designed by members of the Royal Academy, and arranged in ascending values of beauty, a, b, c, d, e—e representing average.

(c) Women compelled by law to wear the uniform of the class corresponding to their own; thus, women of class A (beautiful) to wear uniforms of class A (unbecoming), while women of class E (plain) to wear uniforms of class E (highly becoming).—"Punch."

Soon Counted.

All kinds of questions come to the answers-to-correspondents man of a daily paper, and the impatience he occasionally manifests is not surprising.

Editor of "—," wrote an enquiring citizen one day, "will you please tell me how many kinds of typewriters there are?"

This was handed to the answers-to-correspondents man, and in the next issue of the paper he replied to it as follows: "Two—male and female."

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we're giving now means a great sav-
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for equal quality when next season
opens—

Persian Lamb Jackets—plain—were 110.00
to 145.00—now 85.00 to 110.00
Persian Lamb Jackets, trimmed with
Alaska Seal, Mink and Chinchilla—
were 125.00 to 175.00—now 95.00 to 140.00
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200.00—now 140.00 to 175.00
Alaska Seal Jackets—trimmed—were
225.00 to 250.00—now 165.00 to 200.00

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Social and Personal.

THE engagement is announced of
Miss Ethel Mary Brodie, sec-
ond daughter of the late Mr.
J. L. Brodie, general manager
of the Standard Bank, and Mr. Victor C.
Staunton.

Mrs. Vaux of 66 Bond street has gone
to Montreal to visit friends.

Miss Ethel Piper of Bernard avenue
gave a euchre on Tuesday evening,
in honor of her cousin, Miss Sara Robinson
of Peterboro', and also entertained some
friends on Wednesday of last week at a
thimble tea.

Mrs. Linda Hull Larned, who is to lec-
ture in Conservatory Hall next Friday
evening, March 6, on "The Sentiment and
the Science of Home-making," is presi-
dent of the National Household Econom-
ic Association of the United States. Mrs.
Larned has been elected to this office for
four successive years, having presided at
the conventions held in Toronto, Buffalo
and Milwaukee. Many who attended the
meetings held in Toronto, October, 1900,
will remember Mrs. Larned, who made
such an admirable and personally charm-
ing chairman. Mrs. Larned is a resident
of Syracuse, N.Y.

Miss Mildred Marks of 526 Euclid ave-
nue, Toronto, is paying a visit to her
sister, Mrs. James Oppenheimer, New Or-
leans, La.

Mrs. Alfred Morgan, Mr. J. Arthur
Morgan of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs.
George H. Thornton of Buffalo, Miss
Margaret Mitchell of Chicago, Mr. B.
Kent, Miss Edith Kent, Mrs. J. E. Gra-
ham, Miss Florence Graham, Lady Mere-
dith, Mrs. George A. Peters of Toronto,
Miss E. Williams of Goderich, Mrs. R. W.
Ball, Mrs. H. R. Gale of Toronto, Miss
M. Rodgers of Woodstock, Mrs. Fred J.
Boswell, Mrs. Hugh D. Lumsden, Miss
Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Spink, Miss
Ruby Spink and Rev. John Davenport of
Toronto are among guests recently regis-
tered at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Mrs. and Miss McBride of Cobourg
are the guests of Mrs. T. Runciman, 364
Sumach street.

The concert by the choir of St. Luke's
Church, held last week, both financially
and from an artistic point of view was
a distinct success, many being unable to
gain admission. The first part of the
programme consisted of a glee by the
choir boys, "Old King Cole," their voices
showing the result of careful training
and tone production. In Haydn's "Toy
Symphony," played by ten of the choir
boys, they displayed a musical intelli-
gence remarkable for a keen sense of
rhythm and precision of attack. Mrs.
Garratt sang a "Creole Love Song" with
exquisite taste, and on being recalled
charmed the audience with "Hushen,"
by Alice Needham. Mr. E. C. Southey
contributed a mandolin solo, and Mr. F.
J. Perrin, two humorous songs in his
usual inimitable style. The second part
of the programme consisted of an oper-
etta by the adult members of the choir,
with the assistance of friends, and com-
pletely captivated the audience. The
choruses were remarkable for their pre-
cision and accurate intonation, and were
far better than is the case with amateur
productions generally. The leading parts
were taken by Mr. Harold Sampson,
tenor; Mr. F. J. Perrin, humorist; Mr.
W. W. Leake, baritone; Mr. John De
Cruchy, tenor, and Mr. H. T. Moss, bass,
all of whom both sang and acted their
parts with marked success and with al-
most professional finish. Of Miss Ruby
Jellett, who, as the plaintiff, took the
leading soprano part, little but praise
can be said, her acting being free from
any suggestion of amateurishness and
her singing displaying a voice of unusual
purity and flexibility. The bridesmaids,
who were attired in charming costumes,
were Miss Eleanor Blackburn, Miss Nora
Jellett and the Misses Stewart, Hunter,
Thompson and Manning. The accompani-
ments were played by Miss Roger, who
was presented with a handsome bouquet
of carnations by the company as a mark
of appreciation of her valuable services.
The whole performance reflected the
greatest credit on Mr. T. A. Reed, Mus.
Bac., organist and choirmaster of St.
Luke's Church.

Miss Stitt will be at home the first
Thursday in every month, instead of the
first and third, as formerly.

Miss Mary Carthew of Listowel, who
has been visiting Miss Isabella Thomp-
son in Czar street, left on Tuesday for
Carman, Man.

Mrs. A. B. Barry of Spadina avenue en-
tertained informally at the tea-hour on
Tuesday afternoon. The tea-room was
prettily arranged in softly-shaded crim-
son and yellow. The color scheme was
carried out in the table decoration. The
center was of yellow silk, veiled in bil-
lows of white tulle, over which were
scattered crimson roses and ferns. A
large silver and opal vase stood in the
center, filled with crimson roses and
yellow daffodils. The corners of the table
were caught up with large crimson silk
cachets, with yellow daffodils and as-
paragus ferns in the center. Miss Arm-
strong looked after the honors of the
tea-room, assisted by Mrs. Allan and
Miss Darling.

In honor of her guest, Miss Minnie A.
Hart of Oshawa, Mrs. J. H. Hoar of 1480
Queen street west gave a very pleasant
musical and dance on Monday evening
informally, all being invited by tele-
phone. Her pretty rooms were sweet
with the fragrance of roses, violets and
hyacinths. The hostess received in a
very stylish gown of black silk voile.

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trimmed with pleated chiffon, with an
American Beauty rose in the corsage.
Miss Hart looked beautiful in a very
dainty gown of white organdie, and wore
pink carnations in her brown hair.

Last Friday evening the pretty draw-
ing-rooms of St. Monica's School were
thrown open for a most enjoyable dance.
Miss Philpotts was most ably assisted
in receiving by her pupils, who looked
very pretty and graceful in their dainty
evening dresses, and nothing was left un-
done which could add to the pleasure of
the guests.

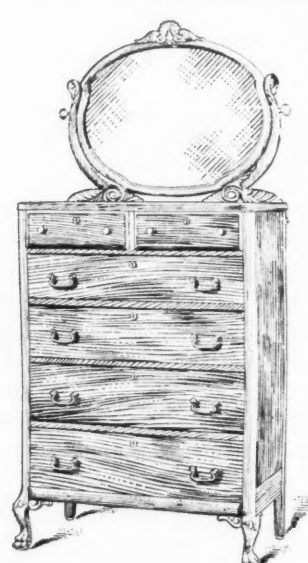
The Welland House people are having
a grand opening and reunion of friends
"from all over" at St. Catharines this
week. Their quaint invitations are as
follows:

"Ye are bidden to attend ye opening
of ye Welland Inn, which lieth over be-
yond the canal bank in ye goode towne
of St. Catharines, on ye twenty-seventh
day of ye month of February (the same
being the month of St. Valentine),
when ye lath string will be out
all day and demonstrations of ye
wonderful properties of ye St. Catharines
Well will be set forth. That ye
may travel in comfort it is
advised that ye communicate at once
with ye management of ye Inn that they
may send ye ample transportation creden-
tials, and further that they may
provide special service in ye Inn for your
accommodation, and also that they may
send a direct descendant of Ham to ye
gate of ye city to greet you. And it is
further desired that ye put no scrip in
your purse, as ye management hath
scrip and to spare." A huge official seal
is attached, and as usual the manage-
ment has "made good" their generous
promises.

A Strong Reserve Fund.

A satisfactory feature of the annual
report of the British America Assurance
Company, which appears in another col-
umn, is the substantial addition to the
reserve fund of \$90,819.21, which brings
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\$702,821.17. The strengthening of the
company's reserve is of the greatest im-
portance, and will be appreciated by

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niture, as in everything the
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and although the styles do
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dresses, they are none the
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Just now fashion and good
taste go hand-in-hand, for
the designs most in favor are
largely based on the produc-
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cabinet-makers of the
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With what success these classic patterns have been
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can judge by a visit to our ware-rooms, where we have
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furniture for every room in the house.

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**Bedroom Suites and individual
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some new designs.**
**Bookcases in cathedral oak and
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doors.**
**Hall Chests and Settees, carved
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golden oak.**
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rors, Somnoses, Cheffonières,
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**Sideboards, Buffets, Dinner-
Wagons, Side-Tables, etc.,
etc., in many new designs.**

**Library and Hall-Chairs, in
weathered oak, golden oak
and mahogany.**

**Tea-Tables and Tabourets, in
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pyro-worked maple, ash,
etc., etc.**

**Hall Mirrors, in endless variety
of size and shape.**

**Drawing-Room Suites, Odd
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Chairs, etc., in almost every
conceivable style.**

**China and Fancy Cabinets, in
golden and Flemish oak, ma-
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both policy-holders and shareholders. The
report shows, too, that the balance of in-
come over expenditure was \$173,713.63,
which paid two half-yearly dividends at
the rate of 6 per cent., allowed for the
writing off of the company's premises and
securities amounting to \$25,894.42, and
permitted the large increase to the re-
serve fund mentioned. It is interesting
to note that the report presented was the
sixty-ninth annual report, a testi-
mony to the strength and stability of the
company.

A series of readings will be given by
Miss Lillian Burns on the evenings of
March 13, 20, and 27, in the concert hall
of St. Margaret's College, under the pa-
tronage of Miss Mowat, Mrs. George
Dickson, Mrs. B. E. Walker, Lady Mere-
dith, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. G. A. Cox.

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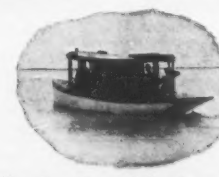
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FESSOR J. F. McCURDY. February 15—
Greek Virtues and Theories of Life, PHIL-
IPAL MAURICE HUTTON. February 22—
Evolution and Religion, PROFESSOR A. P.
COLEMAN. March 1—Tennyson's "In Me-
moriam," A. Struggle Toward Faith, PRO-
FESSOR W. J. ALEXANDER. March 8—
What the Churches of Toronto Have in
Common, and Might Do Together for the
Higher Life of the City, REV. J. T. SUNDER-
LAND.

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a cleverly furnished home.

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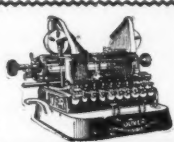
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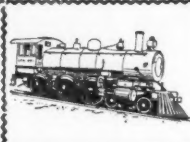


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enables anybody to give the most artistic rendering of the most difficult and complicated music.

The mere mechanical work of playing a piano takes years of hard practice.

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In Patent Holders
The Colors Are Fast The Silk the Best

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PERFECTLY STRAIGHT SELVAGE
Corticelli Skirt Protector is of fine and even texture. When used a sponge of brush makes it clean again, and no damage done. Corticelli Skirt Protector is a great favorite with fashionable and careful dressers. If you are not already a subscriber to Corticelli Home Needlework Magazine, become now. Full information on application to Corticelli Silk Co., St. John, P. Q., or any other Corticelli office.

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Social and Personal.

They had a Hard Times Ball at the Crawford House in Windsor last week, which was one of the quaintest and funniest "functions" ever heard of. Weird and wonderful old garments were worn, and anyone not considered of sufficient shabbiness of attire was fined by the committee.

Miss Harris of 71 St. George street gave a young folks' euchre on Tuesday for her nieces, Miss Annie and Miss Naomi Harris.

Miss Grace Lowrey's engagement to Mr. Alexis Martin of Ballynashide, Hamilton, now a barrister of Victoria, B.C., will interest Toronto friends of both parties. Miss Lowrey has been, since her debut, a popular and charming member of society in the East, and is a granddaughter of Chief Justice Armour, with a huge family connection in Ontario. Mr. Martin is a scion of an old and prominent Irish family.

Rev. Cameron Nelles Wilson has accepted the curacy of St. Simon's Church, and will come north shortly. His welcome is warm in Toronto, where he has always had lots of friends.

Mr. H. J. Des Voex, a veteran of the Boer war, where he was with his regiment, the Grenadier Guards, is visiting Mr. T. C. Patteson, in Dowling avenue.

"Everyman," the play at the Princess next week, is above all things a suitable Lenten interest.

After the lecture given by Rev. C. W. Gordon at Wylliffe last Saturday, Mrs. Ramsay Wright took Mrs. Loudon's place as hostess of a tea in the Faculty Union at Varsity and received a number of ladies and gentlemen, who were glad to have a moment with "Ralph Connor" and taste an excellent "dish of tea" with the genial host and his gracious wife. It was largely academic, this informal and pleasant tea, and enjoyed greatly by all those bidden.

Mr. Jack Hood, formerly of Toronto but recently of Montreal, has been made manager of the Imperial Bank at the Capital.

Winter.

In rigorous hours, when down the iron lane
The redbreast looks in vain
For hips and haws
Lo, shining flowers upon my window-pane
The silver pencil of the winter draws.

When all the snowy hill
And the bare woods are still;
When stripes are silent in the frozen bogs,
And all the garden earth is whelmed
In mire,
Lo, by the hearth, the laughter of the logs—
More fair than roses, lo, the flowers of fire!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

A Convincing Prophet.

In discussing the attempted pilgrimage of the Canadian Doukhobors, who set out through the snow "to find Jesus," the London "Spectator" says that this is only another instance of the length to which the credulous Eastern mind can be carried. It gives a parallel case of wild belief among the Muruts, a race of squalid savages living in Borneo.

One day, a year or two ago, there appeared among them a Murut, naked like himself, and apparently differing in no way from his fellows. Yet in a short time he was able to make the members of the tribe surrender to him their wives, their cattle and other possessions simply on the strength of his own declaration as to his powers.

He asserted that he could confer on devout disciples the power of flying. No one asked him to fly himself; it seemed never to occur to them. Yet a number of men climbed to the tops of the highest coconut-trees in the village, and leaped into the air.

When they were found to be dead, it is only reasonable to suppose that the survivors set upon the false prophet and killed him. Nothing of the sort! On the contrary, he explained that the dead men had not been sufficiently devout, and he found no difficulty in inducing others to follow their example.

At last, after he had initiated over twenty men into the process of flying from the tops of trees to the ground, he was arrested through foreign agency and thrown into prison. But even then the natives believed in him to such an extent that they resented any interference in the matter.

He Saw too Much.

As a rule an employer requires the persons he employs to be bright and acute at all times, and when an employee is discharged it is generally for not keeping his eyes open. It occasionally happens, however, that an employee sees too much for his own good, as in the case of the Virginia planter who hired a field hand.

One day the planter came along and accosted the new hand:

"Did you see a coach go down the road a while ago?"

"Indeed I did, sir. One of the horses was a gray horse, and the other was a roan and home in the off leg."

"I thought that I heard some hunters there on the edge of the woods."

"Yes, sir. One of them was Colonel Jones. He was the tall one. The second one was Major Peters, and the third one was Tom McKee. Colonel Jones had one of them new-fangled, breech-loading guns that break in two."

"Did you see those wild pigeons fly over just now?"

"See 'em? Guess I did! There was nineteen of 'em. They lit in that corn-field down yonder."

"Well, you see too much for a man that is hired by the day. Here's your wages. When I want a man to keep watch of what is going on, I'll send for you."

Explained.

Hostess—Of course the dinner is given for Miss Purdy, but I can't let you take her in because you never will take the trouble to be agreeable except for a pretty woman.
Reggy Westend—Whom do I take in, then?
Hostess—Mrs. Farris.
Reggy Westend—But she's uglier than Miss Purdy.
Hostess—I know that, but she's married and used to being neglected.

"Under Southern Skies."

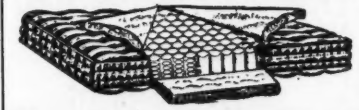
Arrangements have been made for the appearance at the Grand Opera House next week of Lottie Blair Parker's latest play, "Under Southern Skies," with all the original scenery and mechanical effects used during its three months' successful run in New York. One of the greatest compliments that can now be given to the performance of an actor or actress is the exclamation, "Isn't it natural! It doesn't seem like acting at all!" Everything that savors of the "theatrical"



Minnie Victorson.

cal" or "stagy" is strictly avoided in the presentation of every part in "Under Southern Skies." The effect of ease and naturalness has been striven for, and the New York critics have been lavish in their commendation of the entire cast of players. The scenic setting is one of the most expensive ever put upon the stage.

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Matters are ordered in such a way at Potter's that only first quality lenses are offered to customers. It is not so in all stores—in fact, it is somewhat difficult to get these lenses in the retail trade. At Potter's they had to be specially imported, and they reached that house in the manufacturer's original packages, with the maker's own labels reading "First Quality" thereon. At Potter's they are not called by any high-sounding title, such as peerless, or perfect, or crystal, but simply "First Quality," a title which seems to satisfy the large manufacturers of both continents. But the real substance of the matter is this: GET THE BEST—if not in all things, at least in spectacle lenses. For you and for YOUR EYES the best are none too good. And at Potter's you may depend on the best—genuine first quality—lenses unsurpassed in excellence. 85 Yonge street, Toronto.

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Gammie—At 107 Bleeker street, Toronto, on Feb. 19, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Gammie, a daughter.
Johnston—Feb. 23, Toronto, Mrs. G. W. Johnston, a daughter.
Greer—Feb. 18, Colborne, Mrs. F. C. B. Greer, a daughter.
Hall—Feb. 19, Brampton, Mrs. Wm. Hall, a son.
Pearson—Feb. 21, Toronto, Mrs. Charles Pearson, a son.
Reid—Feb. 21, Toronto, Mrs. W. Harcourt Reid, a son.
Burgess—Feb. 20, Philadelphia, Pa., Mrs. Ralph Burgess, a daughter.
MacPherson—Feb. 18, Toronto, Mrs. Wm. MacPherson, a son.

Marriages.

Price—Corley—Feb. 18, Menaford, at Christ Church, by the Rev. J. McCarroll, rector Grace Church, Detroit, and uncle of the bride, assisted by Rev. T. H. Brown, rector of the Parish. Norma, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Corley, to Frank E. Price, accountant the Molsons Bank. Owen Sound.
Ackland—Bell—Feb. 24, Parkdale, Walter Ackland to Louise Bell.
Brown—Mulligan—Feb. 21, Toronto, Henry Russell Brown to Beatrice Adele Mulligan.
Scully—Mallon—Feb. 24, Toronto, J. J. Scully to Cecilia Mallon.
Chisholm—Thompson—Feb. 18, Ingersoll, Wyness Sutherland Chisholm to Frances Louise Thompson.
Mercer—Ferguson—Feb. 18, Thamesville, Frederick Duncan Mercer to Margaret Isabella Ferguson.

Deaths.

Bond—At Toronto, on Wednesday, Feb. 25, Charly Lucinda Arnold, beloved wife of John Bond, 569 Queen street west.
Patrick—Feb. 24, Toronto, Alexander R. Patrick, aged 82 years.
Tibbitts—Feb. 24, Toronto, George Walton Tibbitts, aged 23 years.

BRITISH AMERICA

ASSURANCE COMPANY

Sixty-Ninth Annual Report

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders was held at the Company's Office, Toronto, on Monday, February 23rd, 1903. The President, Hon. Geo. A. Cox, occupied the chair, and Mr. P. H. Sims, who was appointed to act as Secretary, read the following

ANNUAL REPORT

In presenting the Sixty-Ninth Annual Financial Statement of the Company, the Directors have pleasure in calling attention to the following most prominent features shown in the year's accounts:

The balance of Income over Expenditure is \$173,713 63
There has been written off Securities to bring them to actual Market Value at December 31st..... \$7,894 42
And written off the Company's Premises and Furniture..... 15,000 00
Two Half-yearly Dividends have been provided for at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, being..... 60,000 00

The Balance, being the amount by which the Reserve Fund is increased, is..... \$90,819 21
Compared with the business of the preceding year, the Premium Income shows an increase of \$164,794.00, while Losses show an increase of \$18,171.00.

The estimated Liability on Policies Current at the close of the year is \$662,312.77, an amount ample, according to the Company's past experience, to run off existing risks.

GEO. A. COX,
President.

Financial Statement for Year Ending December 31st, 1902

REVENUE ACCOUNT.	
Fire losses, including losses under adjustment at Dec. 31st, 1902.....	945,817 29
Marine losses, including losses under adjustment at Dec. 31st, 1902.....	338,299 50
Commissions and other charges.....	697,164 72
Government and local taxes.....	61,336 47
Balance.....	173,713 63
	\$2,306,331 61

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.	
Dividend No. 117.....	\$ 30,000 00
Dividend No. 118.....	30,000 00
Written off securities.....	7,894 42
Written off company's premises and office furniture.....	15,000 00
Reserve at Dec. 31st, 1902.....	702,821 17
	\$785,715 59

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.	
Government and State bonds.....	\$ 261,075 00
Municipal bonds.....	559,575 21
Railway bonds.....	126,335 00
Loan and Savings Company's bonds and stocks.....	96,005 50
Toronto Electric Light Company bonds.....	20,000 00
Other stocks and bonds.....	79,000 00
Mortgages.....	10,000 00
Real estate (company's building).....	140,000 00
Office furniture, business maps, etc.....	33,774 73
Agents' balances and other accounts.....	382,021 18
Cash on hand and on deposit.....	115,191 30
Bills receivable.....	7,001 00
Interest due and accrued.....	13,850 21
	\$1,864,730 13

REINSURANCE RESERVE.	
Reserve to cover estimated liability on outstanding risks.....	\$662,312 77

J. J. KENNY,
Vice-President.
We hereby certify that the books of the Company have been audited and the vouchers and securities relating thereto have been examined for the year ending 31st December, 1902, and the same are carefully kept, correct, and properly set forth in the above statements.

J. M. MARTIN, F.C.A., { Auditors.
R. M. WALTON,

Toronto, Feb. 14th, 1903.

In moving the adoption of the Report, which was seconded by the Vice-President, the President said:

In presenting our Annual Report at the Shareholders' Meeting a year ago, I spoke of the more encouraging outlook in our business at that time as compared with the conditions that had prevailed during the preceding two or three years, and I ventured to give expression to the hope we then entertained that the advances in fire insurance rates which were being adopted by Companies generally, as a result of the adverse experience on this Continent during the preceding three years, would place the business on a footing that would yield a fair margin of profit to underwriters. The figures embraced in the report you have just heard bear evidence that these expectations have, as far as at least as the business of this Company for the past year is concerned, been realized. The Report sets forth the results of the year's transactions so clearly that I need not enlarge upon it to any extent; but I may point out that while the year's earnings, which include some \$42,000 derived from interest on investments, may be regarded as satisfactory, the profit upon underwriting is a moderate one, being equal to about seven per cent. on the business transacted. This profit, I may say, has been realized entirely upon the business of the last six or eight months; the serious conflagrations at Waterbury, Conn., and Paterson, N.J., in February last—to which I referred at our last meeting—having made the loss ratio unduly heavy for the earlier months of the year. These heavy losses, affecting, as they did, most of the fire insurance companies doing business on this Continent, and following closely upon similar disasters in the previous two years at Ottawa, Montreal, and Jacksonville, Pa., emphasized the necessity for an advance in rates and brought about a general movement on the part of the Companies to secure this. The conditions of all branches of trade and of manufacturing industries, both in Canada and the United States, have fortunately been prosperous of late, and insurers have, speaking generally, recognized the fact that rates of premium which would afford a fair return upon insurance capital are a legitimate charge upon their business.

In regard to the items written off in Profit and Loss Account, I am sure the policy of placing our securities at their actual market value at the 31st December in each year, and making a liberal allowance to provide for any possible depreciation in the value of the Company's premises, will commend itself to Shareholders.

The substantial addition to the Reserve Fund of upwards of \$90,000 must, I think, be regarded as the most satisfactory feature in the Report, from a Policyholder's point of view, as well as from that of a Shareholder, even though this increase is to a certain extent brought about by keeping the dividend down to 6 per cent.—the rate paid in 1901. The profits on the business of the past year might have warranted a return to a somewhat higher rate, but the Directors feel that the strengthening of the Company's Reserves must be regarded as of primary importance.

I take this opportunity of expressing the appreciation of the Directors of the manner in which the Officers and Agents of the Company have performed their respective duties during the past year, and of saying that I feel that the general outlook is sufficiently encouraging to warrant our anticipating at least equally favorable results from the business, on the lines on which it is now running, to those shown in the report under consideration, the adoption of which I have much pleasure in moving.

The following gentlemen on were re-elected to serve as Directors during the ensuing year: Hon. Geo. A. Cox, J. J. Kenny, Augustus Myers, Thomas Long, W. H. Stone, K.C., LL.D., Hon. S. C. Wood, Robert Jaffray, Lieut.-Col. H. M. Pellatt, E. W. Cox.

At a meeting of the Board, held subsequently, the Hon. Geo. A. Cox was re-elected President, and Mr. J. J. Kenny, Vice-President.

MacLennan—Feb. 19, Toronto, Mrs. Elizabeth McGill Strange MacLennan.
Watson—Feb. 13, Moose Jaw, Assn., Mrs. T. D. Watson, aged 53 years.
Bremner—Feb. 24, Toronto, William J. Bremner, aged 25 years.
Jardine—Feb. 21, Hespeler, Andrew Bell Jardine, aged 75 years.
McMillan—Feb. 21, Township of E. Gwillimbury, Mary A. McMillan.
Tyrrell—Feb. 23, Toronto, Arthur Howard Tyrrell, aged 7 years.
Dundas—Feb. 25, Denver, Col., William Edmund Dundas, aged 20 years.
De Pencier—Feb. 18, "The Davenport," George R. de Pencier.
Charlton—Palermo, Mrs. Mary Charlton, aged 35 years.

J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard)
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